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WITH A ROSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

I send a breath of faint perfume—
A rose, which, longed for patiently,
One May-day morn was born to me,
Here in my silent room.

Touch tenderly its dewy lips,
And it shall yield the trembling kiss
Which now, with yearning love, I press
Amid its crimson tips.

Beside me, all the long hours through,
It listened what it may not speak,
And learned its color from a cheek
Brightened by thoughts of you.

This fragrant blossom, fair and slight,
Which in my chamber's waiting hush,
Uttered its being in a blush
Which few could read aright,

Is like a still more radiant bloom,
Which, on a wondrous morn in May,
Oped slowly to the loving day,
Drowned in its own perfume.

One flower upon a barren shore,
Which blossomed out of patient pain,
And finding no response again,
Was voiceless evermore.

FANCIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have looked on paintings rare,
Summer landscapes warm and fair,
Ideal forms of highest grace,
Noble, brave, or saintly face;
But I never yet did meet,
Picture half so sad and sweet
As a little golden head,
Pillowed in its narrow bed,
And two waxen hands at rest,
Softly o'er a childish breast.

I have wept in reading o'er
Volumes of the heart's own lore,
Sweetest poems, that are fraught
With such wealth of tender thought,
That their cadence seems to me
Like the murmur of the sea;
But what book could ever touch
All a mother's heart so much
As the primer, soiled and torn,
By those little fingers worn—
Little fingers that are hid
'Neath her darling's coffin lid.

Louisville, Ky. A. C. B.

THE LADY OF PLAS TYRION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY HOWITT.

CHAPTER III.

WOOING AND WINNING.

After a hasty luncheon at the Rosery, all set out for a walk on that summer-like Christmas afternoon. Nothing could apparently be happier than the party, yet seldom had four human hearts been more deeply yet variously agitated. All walked together for some time. They bent their steps toward the sea, along the sunny shingly sand, the tide coming in with a silvery effluence, and breaking softly with a low murmur on the tawny fucus-covered rocks.

Presently the party separated, and Emily found herself alone with Franklin. Turning round, the moment she made this discovery, she saw Wynwode and her mother at a considerable distance behind them, looking towards the sea. She was annoyed, for she thought it was preconcerted.

"Don't look back, Emily," said Franklin, for he had long been accustomed to address her in this familiar and brotherly manner, "at least don't look back literally; look back, if you will, into the past, and remember the time when I was here so much, and had the privilege of being—may I say it," added he, hesitating—"beloved by you."

"Oh, you are thinking of that foolish time," said Emily, in a quick voice; "I was thinking of it myself, in church this morning. I was a mere child then, and had neither knowledge nor experience of the world."

"But, Emily, may not the honest sentiment of the child, be a prophecy of the heart's more mature feeling?" asked he.

She made no reply.

"I am sure it may," continued he; "the feeling which I had then towards you, has only strengthened and justified itself in my heart. It has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. You have been literally my first and only love. But through that long succession of years, when I was but a servant, as it were, in my uncle's office, I had no right to make known my feelings, the most earnest desires of my whole being—all in fact which constituted the beauty and hope of life to me—to the detriment, it might be, of your prospects in life. No wealth nor position were, in my estimation, too great or too high for you—and if I wished for wealth and influence, it was only for your sake, that I might be able to offer you the share of a life worthy of your acceptance. And because I had this not to offer, and because I hesitated to endanger my own peace of mind, I have deprived myself of your society, not even seen you for three years, yet assuredly it is not too much to say that you have scarcely been out of my thoughts during that time."

She still made no reply. She walked by his side with her eyes cast down, and played with the tassel of her cloak.

"For three years," continued Franklin, speaking in a firm voice as one who believes he has a right to be heard, "never since that sad time when I left my dearest friend, one of the noblest, finest beings that God ever created, in his grave at Cambridge, and came down here after your sudden return home, with a heart yearning to give and receive sympathy, have I seen you. Never since then till now—"

At these words Emily suddenly stopped, and looking up with a countenance flushed with emotion and pride, she said,

"Don't speak of him at this time. I know what we owe you; I know that we can never repay your goodness to him. But you should not bring that forward at this moment. It is not generous for you to found any claims upon that. If you have anything to ask of me, ask it; but not in my brother's name. I will not allow his sainted memory to be made a plea even for his friend!"

"Emily," said Franklin, in a tone which again turned her eyes upon him, "you must hear what I have to say, and that in your brother's name. Just before his death, when his fever had left him, and his mind was again itself—in that sublime and mysterious moment, when the soul hovers, as it were, between Heaven and earth, and a wonderful radiance and clearness, as of the angelic world, beams not only upon the countenance, but into the mind itself—your brother dictated with a solemnity and authority which have no parallel in ordinary human experience, what might be called his last will and testament; not as to the disposition of outward or worldly wealth, but as regarded a treasure far more precious than either—his sister. And he to whose care that departing spirit committed her, having faithfully endeavored to render himself worthy of such a charge, now seeks to assume it. This is all I have to say, Emily, as regards your brother; and I tell it you, not as giving me any claim upon you, but simply as a fact which it may be interesting to you to know, but which I had no right to communicate until I felt myself able to act upon it."

Emily was silent. A strange, mixed feeling agitated her soul. She could not doubt the truth of what he told her, though she had only his word for it, because she knew him to be incapable of falsehood in any form, even to secure his dearest interests, but she was not just then in the state of feeling to admit the full weight of this plea.

Three years of the severe discipline of self-imposed subjection and obedience to duty, under which Franklin had voluntarily placed himself, had given a force to his naturally strong and upright character which operated almost irresistibly. Emily felt it, and rebelled against it. She had the presentiment of an influence under which she was now brought, no less potent than that of Wynwode, but which, in her present state of feeling, was infinitely less agreeable; higher and purer but less fascinating. She was not at ease under it, and struggled against it; and again she stopped and looked back; but by this time neither her mother nor Wynwode were in sight. They, too, were standing alone in a rocky cove; the sun was sinking into a mass of purple-gray cloud, tinged with orange light; and the tide, now high, was rolling and churning itself into white foam among chaotic, tawny and brown sea-weed covered rocks, the heads of which were only visible.

"Dearest Emily," said Franklin, speaking in a tone of the deepest tenderness, and taking her hand, which she did not withdraw, "tell me that you do not reject the offer of my love and life; that you will not disappoint my hopes."

"I cannot tell you anything of the kind," said she, speaking in her naturally gay tone! You have taken me so totally by surprise. I wish you had not done so. You have, by your impatience, spoiled both to yourself and me your visit, which otherwise would have been such a pleasure to us all."

"My impatience," he said, "should prove to you my earnestness."

"You should not have hurried the thing so," she said; "I wish I could forget it; I wish it were unsaid."

And so saying, she withdrew her hand petulantly.

"It is a very serious thing to me, Emily," he said; "whilst I had no fortune, nothing but my own small savings, and no worldly position to offer you, I was silent; the moment my prospects have changed, I lay all at your feet."

Emily looked playfully down at her feet, and said, laughingly,

"I don't see anything so very attractive there. And, after all, I probably think much less of outward wealth than you suppose. I believe myself capable of loving without wealth—I know that men think women are greatly influenced by these sordid considerations—but it is a mistake—a very great and an unjust mistake, as all mistaken judgments must be. But the fact is, you are in too great a hurry. I cannot make up my mind at a moment's warning—perhaps I may like some one else better than you. But I will not be questioned," said she, speaking quickly and earnestly, as she saw him about to speak.

Spite of these words, Franklin said,

"You must be candid with me, Emily, and I must have an answer: do you love Wynwode?"

"I told you that I would not be questioned, neither will I," returned Emily, speaking with a calm decision that made Franklin respect her, "and some consideration is surely due to me. Leave this subject till to-morrow, but do not build too much on your hopes. I was not, indeed, prepared for your proposal; and surely it is a subject quite of as serious moment to myself as to you. I must have time for reflection. Now let us leave it. I understand you fully; let us, therefore, return home."

Franklin felt the full force and the good sense of all that Emily said, and he perhaps less than ever was now disposed to relinquish his hopes. They were not, however, as buoyant, by any means, as Wynwode had foretold for him. And without another word on the subject, or in fact on any subject at all, the two walked home to find Mrs. Fairfield and Wynwode sitting cosily by the fire, and dinner waiting.

It was anything but a cheerful Christmas dinner, and scarcely was it over, than the two young men, as if by mutual consent, rose to take their leave; Wynwode surprising his friend, and still more surprising Emily, by saying that he should not see them again for the present, as he intended to make a little walking tour of the island, if the weather continued fine, and that immediately after Twelfth Day, if not before, he should return direct to London.

What was the effect of this announcement on Emily, Franklin had no means of seeing, for her back was towards him. Mrs. Fairfield, taking leave of Franklin, wished him to give them as much of his time as possible, and he assented, with a painful sense, that he too might probably take his leave very soon also, and that with less of hope than he could help ascribing to Wynwode.

Without accompanying the young men to their inn, or even any portion of their way thither, we will now invisibly take our seat beside the fire with Mrs. Fairfield and her daughter, and see how the evening was spent by them.

"Well, Emily, dear?" said her mother, interrogatively, after having glanced for a few silent moments at her daughter's perturbed countenance.

Emily made no reply, and seemed sunk in deep and apparently troubled thought.

"John Franklin has made you an offer, has he not?" she now asked, without any circumlocution.

"What makes you think so?—and why is Mr. Wynwode gone in that abrupt manner?" asked Emily, in her turn.

"I think so—or rather I know he has done so, from his manner; and under these circumstances it was better that Wynwode should leave," returned her mother.

"I believe I understand it," said Emily, now speaking more cheerfully, for she now drew this rapid inference, that Wynwode, surmising what his friend's visit portended, had, with great delicacy of feeling, which she could appreciate, withdrawn, to leave her free, knowing, no doubt, as she herself knew, the state of her feelings; and that, waiting at a distance, to watch the result, if Franklin left disappointed, rejected, he would himself return; if, on the contrary, he were accepted, he had prepared his own course, and would hasten, himself disappointed, and without avowing his love, to London. She thought it was perfectly clear; and was a delicate line of conduct, worthy of himself; she therefore frankly replied to her mother's question:

"Yes, you are right—he has done so; but I am very sorry. I like him in a certain way; I have the greatest possible respect for him, and I shall never forget what we owe him, for dear George's sake. But some way he is not the kind of man I should like to marry. I remember when I thought him perfection, and even if he had proposed the last time I saw him, when we returned from Italy and he came down from Cambridge, I am sure I should have accepted him. But since then—three years is a long time—my mind has changed in many ways; I am more capable of forming a true judgment than I then was; and that very strength and earnestness of character—uprightness of character, I believe, in its highest form—which I then thought perfection in a man, seem to me harshness and severity. I like gaiety, and he is so grave; I think there are men I should prefer to him. Besides," added she, as if a very cogent idea had occurred to her mind, "I should dislike living in a provincial town; I like either the perfect country, as we have it here, or the capital itself—there is an underbred tone in provincial towns."

Emily spoke rapidly, and seemed as if she might continue in this strain much longer, but her mother interrupted her:

"This is childish, Emily; there is nothing underbred in him. If you are to marry at all, you must take your chance as to a place of residence: and we know how excellent a young man he is, and how much your father and brother, if they could now speak to us, would approve such a union."

"Yes," said Emily, "I know it; I have thought of all that; I know, if they could now speak, what they would say; and I know also how much you like him, and how I ought, in every way, to endeavor to please you: still—and, dear mother, I will tell you the truth—" and Emily dropped on her knees at her mother's feet, and repeated her own words, "I think there are men, if I must marry, whom I should prefer to him," and then her face, suffused with a crimson blush, dropped down to her mother's knee.

"My child," said her mother, with unspeakable tenderness, "do you mean Dallas Wynwode? I have been so much afraid of this! I have dreaded his influence over you!"

"I know you have," said Emily, "and I never can understand why you, who are so just to everybody else, are yet so unjust to him. Why need you fear him?"

"Because," returned her mother, "I have suspected in him—and I am not mistaken—a want of true honor. He is capable of sacrificing anything, no matter how precious, to his own pleasure, to the gratification of his own vanity. He is a cold-hearted egotist, who is incapable of generous emotion, or of self-abnegation. He loves nothing but himself."

"Mamma," exclaimed Emily, warmly, dreading to hear further what was so painful to her, "you are prejudiced; you never were just to Dallas Wynwode: oh, how miserable you make me! Why will you talk in this way?" and sitting down on the ground at her mother's feet, she bowed her head and burst into tears.

"My child! my best beloved!" said her mother, "this is what I dreaded! He has come here quite too much!"

"No, no, he has not!" returned Emily, passionately; "I enjoy his society so much! more than that of any one else. He brings with him the atmosphere of a life, of a world which has such fascination for me, and there is no use denying it, mother, I believe he loves me, and therefore he has power over me; and that is the reason why he is now gone: it is very honorable in him to leave a free course for John Franklin; but, oh, I hope he knows that I never shall accept him!"

"My poor child!" almost groaned her mother; and then added, in a very solemn voice, "Emily, can you bear to hear the truth?"

"I can," said Emily, again raising her head, "but oh, what is it? You look so grave and sorrowful," and leaning her head upon her mother's lap, she looked into her face with a pale and terrified expression.

"My child, he does *not* love you!" said her mother.

"Why will you, why do you say so?" interrupted Emily, in a pleading tone; "I believe," continued she, "that you think this terrible thing, because you say so; but unless he told me this himself I could hardly believe it."

Emily's words penetrated her mother's heart like a dagger's point, but without giving expression to her feeling, she said,

"I will tell you our conversation, every word of which was volunteered by him, as we slowly followed you this afternoon. He told me that he was aware of the object of John Franklin's visit, and though, as far at least as I was concerned, it was unnecessary, he most warmly advocated his cause, and was at much pains to set his splendid worldly prospects, his excellent moral character and sterling qualities as a man in the clearest point of view. I did not interrupt him, nor did I confide my own feelings or opinions to him. It is true he said nothing which was not correct, nothing calculated to give offence, not a word more or less than any friend of the family might very justly have said under the same circumstances. But still it was unnecessary, unless to prove that he asserted no claim to you. There was a disgusting egotism in it, which held up, as it were, a mirror to his own character. My Emily he does *not* love you; he is incapable of a generous, self-forgetting affection; in truth, he has too much vanity and selfishness to understand what that sentiment is."

Emily had again sunk to the floor, sitting at her mother's feet, with her hands tightly clasped together as if holding back some strong emotion; whilst her eyes had a strange, introverted gaze. She made no reply, but her features wore an expression of combined suffering, pride, and indignation. Her mother could not see her countenance, and laying her hand tenderly on her head, and drawing it towards her knee, as if wishful that it should rest there, she said,

"My poor, dear child!"

Emily rose from the floor, and looking calm but very pale, said,

"It is very strange; almost impossible to believe. I said I would not believe it unless he told me so himself. But I can bear it," she added, in a voice so quick, defiant, and almost harsh, that it seemed like a sudden discord.

Her mother looked at her anxiously; yearning to speak words only which should be best suited to allay her irritation, and sooth her suffering. But Emily, who was now moving about the room, putting aside books, and adjusting the folds of the curtains, said,

"I told John Franklin to come to-morrow for my answer, and of course I shall accept him. You like him, dear mother—so do I! I remember the time when I was desperately in love with him; you called me a little coquette; but really and truly I loved him; even when he was last here. He was so good to dearest George—and George, before his death, wished that I should marry him; he left me, as a sort of legacy to him, I believe—so he told me to-day. It was very honorable of him never to mention it before he was in a fit position to marry; yes, dear mother, as you say he is a very honorable man—and I hope I may some day love him as well as I used to do. No one knows what they are capable of till they try," said she in an excited manner, "and I shall try; you shall see, and—oh, yes, everybody shall see that I am mistress of my own affections, that I am as free as they are!"

"But, Emily, we must not rush blindly forward," remarked her mother with tender earnestness. "Sit down, my love, and let me calmly talk with you."

Emily again seated herself at her mother's feet, and her mother taking her hand, said,

"We must do nothing in our own strength, Emily. We know who alone can lead us aright, and to Him we must go. John Franklin must wait. You cannot accept him to-morrow. Much as I should wish to see you united to him, still you must not accept his offer till you can do so with your whole heart. It would not be just to him to do otherwise—no, my child, not till you can give him your whole heart, as in the presence of One who can read all hearts!"

"Mother," said Emily, again springing to her feet, and throwing back her hair like a wild horse shaking its mane, "I shall accept his offer to-morrow. I will show Dallas Wynwode that I care as little for him as he does for me. If I am to wait days and weeks till I am calm, John Franklin may go back again, and Dallas Wynwode will say that I love him. No, I've made up my mind, and I shall do it. To-morrow I shall give him my firm promise; he knows that I used to love him—he told me so to-day; so it is all right, mother! We are invited, you know, to Mr. Arbuthnot's great party on Twelfth Night, and we will go. John Franklin shall stay over for that night, or come again for it. I will be beautifully dressed, oh, so beautifully, in my lovely, new blue silk which they have none of them seen. I hope Dallas Wynwode may be there, and he shall see how happy I am, and how little it matters to me whether he cares for me or not."

"We shall see," said Mrs. Fairfield, heaving a deep sigh, "we shall see. In the meantime we must seek for the blessing of peace. We must go to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and who will be all this to us even in the perplexities and darknesses of life. Let us, my daughter, seek only His way, and by the light of His divine wisdom come into His truth, and then assuredly all will be right."

Emily seated herself at the piano. She wished to walk in the path which her mother had pointed out to her, and throwing aside the [illegible] of music which Dallas Wynwode had so

there in agony of mind, weeping, and [illegible] low moans as though her heart would break. She did not hear her mother's entrance, nor yet her voice, so entirely absorbed was she by her passion of emotion.

"Emily, my darling," said her mother, endeavoring to raise her. She started up with a countenance pale and terrified.

"Oh, my mother, my mother!" she exclaimed, "is it you? Oh, I have had such a dream—such a frightful dream—if it really were a dream! I feel so unhappy, so awfully unhappy and deserted. Let me go to your room! You will not leave me! Let me stay with you always, always!"

Mrs. Fairfield took her daughter to her own warm, cheerful room; she placed her in the large, cushioned chair by the fire; took Emily's hands between hers and soothed her tenderly.

"It speaks somewhere in the Bible of the horror of a great darkness which fell on some one," said Emily, at length becoming more composed, and still pale and sad; "I have experienced the same thing. Perhaps it was only a dream, however. But, oh, it was scarcely like a dream. It was something very dreadful!—Dearest mother, I will tell you about it; I will confess all. I endeavored to pray, but could not; I tried to give up all my regard for Dallas Wynwode; to cast him, as it were, out of my mind; but I could not do it. There are so many things that seem to have fixed him there, that seem to have stamped his image upon my very being. I could not but think of him; I was in a strange, half delirious state, and felt as though fettered and struggling, as it were, in a thick, glutinous element, and someway I knew that this was his influence. I tried not to think of him, but thoughts of him clung to me like pitch over my hands and eyes and hair. Oh, it was dreadful, and the more I strove against these thoughts the more they seemed to goad me on, and then all at once that horror of great darkness fell over me, and I felt that I was in the grasp of some tremendous power of evil. Oh, it was awful! The bed shook beneath me, everything seemed void, black, fearful, and someway it was all within myself; a thing from which I could not escape; a tremendous, awful something, which was a part of my innermost being, and which threatened to swallow, to consume my life, and which I knew would swallow and consume it, but against which I still struggled, for I had a dim feeling that some way God could and would save me, but no one else! At length I perceived a little spring of light, but oh, so small, at the end of that horror of great darkness, and I wept. It was such a comfort to weep, but I thought how can these small tears wash away all this clinging pitch? and I wept on, and then you came. Oh, I am so glad to be with you in this comfortable, warm, light room! Let me remain with you, mother?"

Mother and daughter lay down side by side. With her arms around her daughter, the mother prayed earnestly; wrestled nearly the whole night through for her; and long before she herself was able to sleep, the low breathing of her daughter, sleeping calmly as in her pure childhood, comforted the mother with the assurance that her prayers were answered.

The next morning, Emily, regarding the distress of the preceding night as the natural consequence of her agitated state of mind, which produced a disordered dream, was much calmer, and even more cheerful than her mother had expected, and again she returned to her former resolve of freely and without any reserve accepting the hand of Franklin.

"When it is once decided," said she, "I shall think no more of Dallas Wynwode. I do not, in fact, think any more of him now. I must have my own way," persisted she, when her mother still urged delay, "you like him; so do I; what more is needful? If my father and dear George could have a voice in it, they would say the same. It is quite right, and it *shall* be!"

Franklin was made supremely happy by the event of that morning; and his joy seemed to communicate itself to her. Her mother, looking at her beaming countenance, and hearing again her merry, ringing laugh, wondered, as she remembered the awful anguish of the foregoing night. The happiness of those we love is, however, very infectious, and Mrs. Fairfield willingly yielded herself to the joyful satisfaction that surrounded her.

One of Emily's fears had been that she might find in the Liverpool merchant less refinement of taste, less elegance and brilliancy of mind, and less knowledge of life than in Wynwode, the scholar, and man of the world, for there lay in all these qualities a peculiar fascination to a mind like hers. But if Franklin were deficient in some of the mere outward attractions, she found in him a still more buoyant heart, a mind rich beyond her expectations in intellectual wealth; a real scholar's knowledge, without a scholar's pride and pedantry; whilst he was able to open to her realms of knowledge, with which neither Wynwode nor herself had more than the most superficial acquaintance—an intimate knowledge of various sciences, so that in conversation with him her ardent mind was led into completely new spheres of thought at once elevating and captivating. A new light and a new life at once opened to her, larger, nobler, purer, better than that to which she had formerly given herself up, and Mrs. Fairfield heard with pleasure her daughter say to Franklin, after his visit had extended to a week:

"You must stay over Twelfth Day with us. We were asked to the Arbuthnots' great party, but I prefer staying at home; stay with us over that day; or rather leave us on that day, if you like, so that I may have an excuse for not going."

Franklin stayed over Twelfth Night, but though a most pressing invitation came from Lady Jane for him also, they none of them went, and the day was one of such remarkable happiness, that instead of wearing her lovely new blue silk, that every one might see how gay and handsome she was, she did not even change her morning dress through the day, because she could not persuade herself to separate for half an hour from her beloved, who was to leave them on the following morning.

Franklin was impatient for his marriage.—There was no impediment in the way; therefore, after various visits to the Rosery, each one seeming to increase the mutual affection and satisfaction, a quiet but very beautiful wedding was celebrated at Bonchurch—Dallas Wynwode not being one of the groomsmen, which Lady Jane Arbuthnot thought very unaccountable, and not at all handsome behaviour, considering that he was an old friend of the family. "But they had not behaved at all well to him of late," she said, "and Miss Fairfield was, it must be confessed, a terrible coquette. Only think how she had flirted with Wynwode! but of course it was Mr. Franklin's wealth—those kind of girls are always decided by wealth, and she was very glad to see that Wynwode cared nothing about it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FAITH THAT SAVES US.—In the Highlands of Scotland there is a mountain gorge, twenty feet in width, and two hundred feet in depth. Its perpendicular walls are bare of vegetation, save in their crevices, in which grow numerous wild flowers of rare beauty. Desirous of obtaining specimens of these mountain beauties, some scientific tourists once offered a Highland boy a handsome gift, if he would consent to be lowered down the cliff by a rope, and would gather a little basketful of them. The boy looked wistfully at the money, for his parents were poor; but when he gazed at the yawning chasm, he shuddered, shrank back, and declined. But filial love was strong within him, and after another glance at the gift, and at the terrible fissure, his heart grew strong, his eyes flashed, and he said—

"I'll go, *if my father will hold the rope.*"

And then, with unshrinking nerves, cheek unblanched, and heart firmly strong, he suffered his father to put the rope about him, lower him into that abyss, and to suspend him there while he filled his little basket with the coveted flowers. It was a daring deed, but his faith in the love of a father's heart gave him courage and power to perform it.

☞ Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.—*Cotton.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1859.

TERMS.

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In addition to this Literary matter, we also furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c., &c.

SINGULAR FACTS.

The Census of the city of New York, as taken in 1850, disclosed some very remarkable facts. According to that census, the number of families was 93,608, and the whole number of dwellings only 37,677, or a little more than one dwelling for every *three* families. Now, the same census said of Philadelphia, that we had a population of 72,392 families, and 61,278 dwellings, or nearly one dwelling to every family. Thus, while New York, according to that census, had nearly one-third more families than Philadelphia, Philadelphia had one and two-thirds as many dwellings as New York. The census would further show that about three-fourths of the whole population of New York live, averaging but a fraction less than six families in a house, *while only about one family in ten occupy a whole house.*

That these statistics are considered reliable by the citizens of New York, is proved by their being inserted in the recent Report of the New York Sanitary Association. That Report, commenting upon the "tenement house system," says:—

Where there are such beastly arrangements as these, how can they develope other than a beastly morality? *Nor need it be a wonder that more people die in New York than in almost any other city on the face of the globe.* Our tenements for the masses are so constructed as to shut out the light, and to make ventilation an impossibility, while the surroundings without are made to combine the very elements of death. The windows are from each room, and they have but two windows for light and air, and only one to each room: these look out against a solid brick wall, eight feet from them, and upon this alley-way the odors arising from the horrid vault beneath, mingle with every inhalation these poor creatures make.

Nearly all of our tenement houses are open to these very strictures; not, I will admit, to as great an extent, yet the state of things is such as to make death a certainty to most of the poor babes whose lungs are to inhale their atmosphere. No one will wonder who goes through these houses—only as he shall wonder *that all, old and young, do not die.* If this city were not more favorably located for health than almost any other city on earth, *almost nobody would live here.* Let the same state of things exist in New Orleans, and it would be decimated at once, and so would London. But terrible as the physical aspect is, the moral side of the picture is utterly appalling. What will be the moral condition of New York thirty years hence? is a question that ought to be pondered soon, if we would not be engulphed.

Were it not that the yearly statistics of crime and mortality in New York, seem to bear out the truth of these statements, we should be inclined to believe that they were exaggerated. But if we suppose, for instance, that the numbers of the population and of families, were systematically overstated by the census takers, this would make the proportion of crime, disease and death even greater—and thus seem to indicate even a still more degraded mode of living.

Supposing therefore this account to be strictly correct, it is truly mortifying that any American city should be classed by its Sanitary Society as more destructive to health and morals, than even the old and corrupt cities of the Old World. And we trust that the intelligent and enlightened portion of its inhabitants, will take measures to free the whole country from the reproach that such a state of affairs brings upon it. We see nothing in the nature of the case to compel the New Yorkers to herd together like beasts—especially in this age of steamboats and city railroads. As for Philadelphia, widely spread out as she has been heretofore, she contemplates a still greater inroad upon the pure airs and sunny spaces of the adjacent country—and an even increased rate of health and good morals therefrom. In ten years from this time—thanks to the city railroads—Philadelphia will probably attract still greater attention than she now does, as the city of the whole country in which it is pleasant to live—in which a family can have all the conveniences, refinements, elegancies and amusements of the metropolis, without imperilling that security of good health, good morals, and good order which is one of the greatest inducements to lead a country life.

☞ One of the jurors who gave the ridiculous $100,000 verdict in the Breach of Promise case in St. Louis, has published a card, in which he says that he "was badly sold, and helped to render an unjust verdict;" but blames the defence for not charging and proving outright what they contented themselves with insinuating. Another of the jurors has made an affidavit, "that, before being empanneled on the jury, he stated that he did not understand English sufficiently to try the matter; that he never agreed to the verdict giving the plaintiff $100,000, but *thought that the majority ruled*, and consequently did not object; and that he now believes that the verdict was unjust, and the damages excessive."

A new trial doubtless will be granted, and, just as like as not, the verdict be reduced from $100,000 to one hundred cents. Juries are rather an uncertain institution—with a strong tendency to being charitable at other people's expense. Just get the idea into their heads once that some "unprotected female" has been unfairly treated by a cold-blooded millionaire, and there is scarcely any boundary to their philanthropy. A lady of *thirty* is wounded in her affections by an old gentleman of *sixty*—she estimates her sufferings at first as being worth some $20,000; but, the more she thinks about it the worse she feels, and, finding a sympathizing public, enlarges her demand to $100,000,—and gets it. One consequence of such verdicts is, that there are hundreds of men who would rather compromise an entirely baseless and unjust claim against them, than allow themselves to fall into the tender hands of some soft-hearted, and softer headed jury.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—Is any lady or gentleman in doubt as to where the summer vacation shall be spent? Let that lady or gentleman remember the White Mountains, and read in our advertising columns the card of the Franconia Hotel Company. The two hotels the card mentions are in the Franconia Notch, five miles apart, right in the very heart of that glorious mountain region. There is no place where we would rather be "in summer when the days are long," and no other place we know of can offer greater attractions. Who, having once seen, can ever remember without pleasure the grandeur and beauty of that mountain scenery?

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER. The advertiser you allude to, was probably Mr. D. Elliott, Syracuse, New York. He, at least, is the only one of the kind we remember at present.

CASSIE. The gentleman always procures the wedding cards of invitation—and pays for them, of course, unless he wishes to marry upon "tick." The price depends entirely upon the quality—probably any stationer or engraver can put you in the way of getting them to suit you. It *is* in good taste to send cards with the bride cake—how else are your friends to know who are the senders. We do think it, if not "*very* green," *rather* green for Cassie to ask such questions. If she acts according to the customs of the most refined people of the place in which she resides, she will do just right—for customs are not the same everywhere.

W. F. S. Our correspondent, who lives in Warren Co., Penn., says, speaking of the cold weather of June 4th:—

"I have a great curiosity to know how it happens that all our cold storms come on Saturday. Ever since the first of December, up to the very latest freeze, the cold storms have almost invariably commenced on Saturday. Will you or some of your learned readers of THE POST give us some scientific reasoning on the subject." We suppose it to be simply a coincidence, that is all. By attentively observing, perhaps, you may find for the next six months, that all the cold maps come on some other day of the week.

YOUNG IGNORANCE. Marcus Aurelius, otherwise known as Antonious, was a celebrated stoic philosopher and also Emperor of Rome, after Adrian, in the year 161 Anno Domini. Our correspondent should enter upon a course of historical reading.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED:—"River Side;" "Rest;" "Aspiration;" "A May Evening;" "Night;" "A Friend;" "William and Mary;" "To Isabelle;" "Youth;" "My Declaration;" "A Trip Out West;" "Stanzas on Man;" "The Student's Prize."

D. L. Pittsburg. Received and under consideration.

SERENADE.—*Scissored from a Lady's Album.*

Oh, come to me when sunrise sets
Over the pinguid sea,
And the silent bells in the minarets
Toll out so noiselessly.

When the hippodrome soars high in air,
Over the maelstrom's dome,
When the bulbul cowers in her shelly lair
Beneath the ocean's foam.

When the pensive clam coos loud and long,
And from the tamarind tree
The Ichthyosaurus tunes his song,
Then, dearest, come to me!

☞ CAUTION IN FRIENDSHIP.—I will use my friend as Moses did his rod: while it was a rod, he held it familiarly in his hand; when once a serpent, he ran away from it.—*Bishop Hall.*

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

These are the halcyon hours of novel-reading. This is the time when we feel (some of us) with the poet Gray, that to lie on a sofa and read novels all the day long, would be the height of earthly felicity. The season invites us to find the sofa wherever we can, be it a bona-fide lounge in a cool room, or a cane settee on a shady piazza, or an easy chair under some murmuring tree, "thick-leaved, ambrosial," or on the ground in the summer woods with their green and grateful shadow overhead, or under the rocks by the sea side, with the broad ocean lifting and falling before us in dreamful monotone. In such haunts and nooks we find the sofa—what shall be the novels?

A novel with a good mystery, carefully covered to the very end, and only emerging to our satisfaction at the last pages—a novel, in fact, like the stories we give our readers from the author of "The Red-Court Farm"—is indisputably gratifying to the novel loving mind. Such a novel is SEACLIFF; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE WESTERVELTS, by Mr. J. W. DE FOREST. (Phillips & Sampson, Boston.) It is a capital story—a story which will not let you off until you have read the last page, so absorbing is its interest. This is the way it goes:—The hero, Mr. Fitz Hugh, calls at Seacliff, the family mansion of the Westervelts, in Connecticut, to see the two beautiful Misses Westervelt, with whom he had parted some months before in Switzerland. While waiting in the parlor, he hears through the door, a stern, harsh voice utter the strange words, "I tell you I have no pity." Then the tones of a woman, pleading and tearful, and then the stern voice again, saying, "Quick, or I will expose you and myself together." Who can this be? What can this mean? Suddenly there is a scuffle, a click of the lock, a creak of the hinge, an exclamation of surprise and alarm, and Fitz Hugh catches a glimpse of a plaid silk dress disappearing as the half-opened door is slammed to. Presently every one comes in. Nobody wears a plaid silk. Nobody has a harsh, stern voice. Mr. Westervelt is a mild, weak-voiced, timid man. Mrs. Westervelt is a soft, soulless, invalid creature. The Misses Westervelt are charming and cheerful. Mr. Hunter, a friend of the family, is a delicate dandy. Mr. Somerville, another friend, is all grace and gentility. The two Van Leers, cousins, are simply good-natured, hulking oxen. These constitute the family. Who then is the ruffian, and who the victim? What is the mystery of the Westervelts?

[This, as the N. Y. *Flashy* would say, is all of this interesting story which will be published in this paper. The remainder may be found etc., etc., etc.!]

Another good novel is the new book by Lever, DAVENPORT DUNN. (T. B. Peterson, Philada.) It is founded on the operations of the Irish swindler, Sadleir, and proceeds throughout in the true Lever style, all dash, spirit, sparkle, action and incident. Grog Davis is one of those anomalous Irish characters which only Lever of all living novelists can draw so well. One gets from this novel a fair idea of the way in which the operations of a great swindling speculator are carried on, and how they affect society.

Still another readable novel is THE RECOLLECTIONS OF GEOFFRY HAMLYN, by HENRY KINGSLEY, a brother, we believe, of *the* Kingsley. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) The scenes are laid in England and Australia. We have seldom met with a story which leaves such contradictory impressions in the mind as this does. It is written with much talent—it has considerable interest—but it is burdened with detail, and one is sometimes a little bothered to keep the thread of the narrative in the labyrinth of incident. Still, defects aside, it is a powerful novel, holds the attention well, and makes the reader *live* with the characters among the scenes it describes.

A good scenic and dramatic tale, introducing us to life among the semi-barbarous tribes of the Danube, is CHRISNA, by the French author of "Picciola." (Delisser & Procter, New York.) It is somewhat hard and theatrical, and ends tragically, but it entertains.

The story called A BACHELOR'S STORY (Rudd & Carleton, New York,) recalls the fantasies of Ik Marvel, though different. It is not so much a story, as a thread on which to string thoughts, fancies, speculations, and disquisitions on various topics. The book is rather pleasant, and has some suggestive things on Shakspeare. But many readers will differ with the author, as when for instance he bestows the title of "the new Shakspeare" on Dickens. Dickens observes the aspects of things as closely as Shakspeare, but does his eye ever reach inward from the aspect to the essence? Shakspeare shows the secret springs of action, and how and why the passions operate. Dickens simply shows us, with marvellous fidelity, the manners of the people we see in houses and in the streets, and only so much character as their manners betray. Dickens's characters are portraits, every one of them; nearly all of Shakspeare's figures are types—representative men and women, standing for classes—contributions, in fact, to a science of Man, just as a collection of plants by Linnæus would be a contribution to a science of botany. Allowing for the superior scope and richness of genius, the glorious imagination, and the humanitary element, Dickens has done no more in kind than Fielding or Smollett before him; but who has done anything like what Shakspeare has done? We can think of only a single creation which at all approaches the creations of Shakspeare. It is the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes. But even this profoundly elaborated character does not bear a strict analogy to the characters of Shakspeare. The Greek Prometheus, the German Mephistopheles, are immense philosophic generalizations of the highest merit, figured forth to us; but they are not Shakspearean.—The truth seems to be that writers like Dickens and Thackeray are analogous to but one side of the "many-sided" Shakspeare; each is, as Shakspeare was, "a looker on in Vienna," but neither are, as Shakspeare was, the philosophic Hamlet, musing vastly on the universe. Shakspeare observes men more closely than even Thackeray, but he also philosophises more greatly than Plato, and this union of the subtlest observation and the profoundest reason, together with his scientific purpose, makes him unique, solitary and supreme in literature.

This is an excursion, and we must return to the books.—Not a novel, but of the nature of a novel, and as good as a play, is Dr. Palmer's brilliant, vivid, graphic, pictorial, bizarre, and amusing volume, THE NEW AND THE OLD, (Rudd & Carleton, New York,) which paints romantic scenes of adventure and experience in California and India. Language is a power with Dr. Palmer, and works on the mind like color and brushes on canvas. Nothing of the kind could be better than the story of "Mr. Karl Joseph Kraft," "Mamoul," or "Asirvadam the Brahmin."

Mr. Henry M. Field's SCRIBNER PICTURES (Sheldon & Co., New York,) is a very engaging and intelligent book of travels in Europe "from Copenhagen to Venice." It has a capital account of the way Dickens reads his "Christmas Carol," and, apropos of the war, some good sketching of the present battle-ground, and of the general state of things between Austria and Italy. Mr. Field thinks the tug of war will come when the Austrians fall back upon Mantua and Verona, within the lines of the four strong fortresses, which make this ground the strongest military position in Europe. He thinks that even if the French pour over the Alps in countless numbers, the prospect of immediate, and even of ultimate success, is doubtful. It cost the great Napoleon nine months of effort to take Mantua, and his army was in the greatest danger a part of the time.—Mr. Field's book has, by the way, some sensible remarks on the silly notion that the French people have no home, or home life, which are well worth reading.

Some one once called the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher "the Boanerges of Brooklyn." The Boanerges roars as gently as a sucking dove, and with the greatest felicity and good sense, in a work farmers will delight in, entitled PLAIN AND PLEASANT TALK ABOUT FRUIT, FLOWERS AND FARMING, (Derby & Jackson, New York.) Into this book, Mr. Beecher puts the condensed results of a very respectable experience he once had in farming and gardening, and all tillers of the soil may profit by his directions.—In another work, just published, entitled NEW STAR PAPERS, (Derby & Jackson, New York,) we have the other side of Beecher—the Boanergian thunder, the rifle crack of invective, and also, to be fair about it, the fervor and tenderness of his more purely religious nature.

From MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS, by MRS. JAMESON, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) a beautiful little blue and gold volume, one may get, in a most pleasing form, information respecting the great Italian artists, which cannot so easily be gained elsewhere.

In THE PASHA PAPERS (C. Scribner, New York,) we have some jolly satire on things in Boston and New York—hard hitting with soft gloves on, but no vitriol squirting—and now and then some pure nonsense amidst the riotous fun. Plenty of laughter in this book, and no mistake.

Governor Boutwell of Massachusetts has put forth an excellent volume full of sound sense, entitled THOUGHTS ON EDUCATIONAL TOPICS AND INSTITUTIONS. (Phillips & Sampson, Boston.) Grave reading, but attractive, and giving the reader a deep sense of the immense value of education as a conservative force in the State. A book, altogether more grave than this, is one by Dr. Nehemiah Adams of Boston, entitled THE GREAT CONCERN, (Gould & Lincoln, Boston,) advancing the arguments for endless punishment hereafter. One of the most remarkable points in it is a letter from Theodore Parker, saying, "*To me it is quite clear that Jesus taught the doctrine of eternal damnation*, if the Evangelists—the first three, I mean—are to be treated as inspired. I can understand his language in no other way." This is frank. The italics are Mr. Parker's.—Another interesting religious work is ESCHATOLOGY, by SAMUEL LEE, (J. E. Tilton, Boston,) a treatise on the Scripture doctrine of the Coming of the Lord, the Judgment and the Resurrection.—And here we may mention Chevalier Bunsen's LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER, (Delisser & Procter, New York,) a nice little volume, which also contains Carlyle's sketch of the mighty German, together with Sir William Hamilton's well known strictures on him and some of his opinions.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER for June, (Macfarlane, Ferguson & Co., Richmond,) is a capital number. "Greenway Court" is a good story, and "The Polite Art of Novelling" has much humor. The Editor's Table has the best parody among the many we have seen, on Tennyson new Rifle song. But we are sorry to see the song unappreciated. It is a good war song, military, vigorous, resounding. It hits the occasion exactly—a crowning merit. It cannot be forgotten, but lilts itself in the head, in despite of you. The strenuous rally rings and echoes through the lines, which are all "one mutual cry" of "Form, form, riflemen form!" Then too, it has the full-vowelled Tennysonian music as well as the martial spirit, and in every stanza there is a rough English sense which cuts to the core of British apathies and French lies like a sabre-stroke, and makes its verdicts and warnings stick to the memory like burrs. The universal popularity of the song proves decisively that the Laureate has touched the right chord in the British heart.

☞ "Love in a cottage" is all very well when you own the cottage, and have money coming in to keep it warm.

☞ Modesty is the courage of woman.—*Chinese Proverb.*

☞ Teach your child as lovingly to accept different forms of religion among men as their different languages, wherein there is still but one human mind expressed. Every genius has most power in his own tongue, and every heart in its own religion.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

☞ Dearly I love a friend; yet a foe I may turn to my profit: friends show me that which I can; foes teach me that which I should.—*Schiller.*

☞ When thou art obliged to speak, be sure to speak the truth; for equivocation is half way to lying, as lying is the whole way to hell.—*Penn.*

☞ Not merely to know, but according to thy knowledge to do, is thy vocation.—*Fichte.*

CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

We are having at our Opera House, a series of pleasant juvenile entertainments, called—*Floral Matinées.* The great Academy of Music has been finally consecrated, by the innocent delight, the sweet, joyous, delicious laughter of children.

We went one Saturday afternoon, more to see the audience of little folk—to revel in their wonder and ecstacy, than to admire the dancing, singing and various histrionic performances of the young artists, so touchingly referred to in the advertisements, as "*Two hundred and fifty* DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN."

We went early, and watched the excited little auditors come pouring in, accompanied by parents, nurses, governesses, or elder sisters, and dressed "in their best, fra top to toe." All, even the earliest comers, looked eager and anxious, as though fearing that they might be too late for the first scene, or fail to get a seat. Then it was amusing to watch their admiring and almost awe struck glances, cast around the vast and brilliant building, and the intense look of interest and expectation with which they settled to regard the great stage-curtain, that painted wall of paradise, that palpable silence, where song should be, and talk and the patter of little feet—that provoking, tantalizing screen, hiding from them a fairy-world of mystery and delight.

Children of all ages were here—even wee bit bairnies, who could not have known the magnificent temple of fashion from a Quaker meeting-house. Balcony, parquette and gorgeous stage-boxes never looked more brilliant, with beauty and tasteful toilets.

The entertainment consisted of dancing, singing and the performance of the play of Cinderella—mostly in pantomime.

The first scene, a sort of floral dance, was given with the whole strength of the troupe—a goodly company of lassies and laddies, but count as carefully as I might, I could not make out the "*Two hundred and fifty*"—even with the supernumeraries, the "wall-flowers," who had no part in the dance. But then, what they lacked in numbers, they made up in size—some of them hardly answering to the manager's affectionate description. Yet the best dancer and most charming actress among them was a pretty little girl who did not look more than seven or eight years old. In an Irish jig she was very quaint and comical, and brought down the house—her little auditors clapping and *bravo*-ing in the most knowing and rapturous style.

The delightful jig was succeeded by a *Pas-seul*, danced by a tall, spare ballet-girl, who might be of any age, from thirteen to thirty. It was full of extravagant poses and audacious gymnastic feats, equally without modesty and grace. A difficult performance, doubtless, but one of which you felt inclined to adopt Doctor Johnson's exclamation regarding something equally marvelous and mechanical in music—"Difficult, sir?—would to Heaven, it were impossible."

I was sorry that so many innocent little people must go away with the impression that this was dancing.

Afterward, the whole company came out for a grand musical demonstration. I am sorry to say that this partook strongly of the nature of a failure. A few faint little voices fluttered up from the neighborhood of the foot-lights, flew wildly about the immense theatre, like scared birds, and were presently lost in the vastness. But the play was more satisfactory. It was creditably acted throughout, and the parts of Cinderella, Pedro, and the haughty step-sisters, very well done. Some of the scenes, in especial those of the transformations of the heroine, and her triumph in the ball-room, were quite charming and brilliant. Unbounded was the delight of the little folk when Cinderella's dingy frock was whisked off, and she dawned starlike, in spangles and white satin, her feet sparkling in tiny glass-slippers,—and when her crony Pedro's, good little Pedro's, overalls magically disappeared, and he stood forth resplendent in the full toggery of a young lord!

But I think that some slight disappointment was felt at the size of the ponies attached to the fairy chariot, who were made a fine point of in the programme, being described as "THE MOST DIMINUTIVE AND BEAUTIFUL PAIR OF MATCHED SHETLAND PONIES, IN THE COUNTRY."

They were certainly fine large animals, for their breed, and especially for their pedigree. Coachie, too, was a full-sized portly personage, and looked like anything but a fairy serving-man. His Highness, Prince Felix, was also a strapping youth, and the fairy God-Mother, the tall ballet-girl of the *Pas-seul*, had far outgrown her *rôle*.

But how little the juvenile audience perceived these lackings and over-lappings. They laughed, and shouted, and marvelled exceedingly—doubtless thinking that the enchantments of art and the magic of genius could go no farther. Oh, innocent, sympathetic, unexacting little critics!—aiders and abettors in the necromancy of the poet—day-dreamers, diviners, conjurers! Oh, wondering, believing, illusion-loving child-hearts, the kingdom of *féerie* abideth in you forever!

The performance closed with a grand allegorical tableau, and the programme with the following impressive exhortation to the audience and the little leading actress—"Mortals, behold the example of this good and beauteous child, and be assured that virtue and humility are Heaven's peculiar care; sweet Angelina—Cinderella now no more—thou hast been humble in adversity—be modest in thy greatness."

This representation at the Academy recalled to me by contrast, the marvelous and beautiful performances of the Viennoise children—their skill, their grace, their exquisite costumes, their intricate evolutions and bewildering combinations, their charming air of sister-hood, of E-pluribus-unum-inity, and their perfect precision. They seemed as natural to the stage, as flowers to a garden—their graces and smiles as spontaneous as bloom and perfume. The music seemed to throb in their little bodies, and their muscles to move to it in instant and unerring obedience.

Yet the story was that they were under the care and authority of a stern old Prussian campaigner, a regular she-wolf, who trained them like so many little animals, after a system of the most despotic and unrelaxing severity. Their perfection was the result of this hard discipline, and of constant, wearisome practice. They were forced hot-house plants, not flowers of the garden. They were subjected to their stern, unloving mistress utterly, mind and body, soul and senses,—their lives were all compact of toil and terror:—poor little puppets were they, moved by an iron will, behind the scenes.

Now these children of the Academy were mostly sadly deficient in stage-training—some of them were ill-dressed, awkward, and of a verdancy quite tender and touching. But I was glad to see that the play was as much a play to them, as to us;—that their hands and feet, though ungracefully used, were their own—that their eyes and their thoughts were not fixed with painful intentness upon "stage business," but were free to wander about the beautiful building, gorgeous with purple and gold—to gaze at the starry lights, and the splendid mock-sun of the central chandelier. No artists were they—only happy, natural children, and I was glad to know that no old witch of a task mistress was standing behind the scenes, scolding them *sotto voce*, or threatening them with black frowns and angry gestures.

During one of the intervals of this entertainment, I was amused by a conversation which took place between two ladies, sitting near us. One, the youngest, was evidently from the country, and her city friend seemed to be enlightening her rusticity upon matters dramatic and musical, in a very *ex cathedra* style. At last, the drop curtain came under discussion.

"That's a splendid picture," remarked Miss Rustic.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Urban, "and it must have taken an age to paint it."

"Really?"

"Yes. You see what a work it is—the trees, the boats, the water, and the houses had all to be done separately, and every leaf and flower is finished up so nicely!—why, there's as much work in it as in twenty portraits, full length at that!"

"Really!"

"Yes—and that is not all—the painter was a long time thinking of it—laying it out like, beforehand."

"Really!"

"Yes—artists are great thinkers. They think themselves gray directly."

"Really!"

"Yes—whenever you see a great artist, you see a gray-headed man."

I thought of Powers, and Page, and Palmer, and Bartholomew, and Story, and Crawford, and Marshall, and Millais, and Church, and Weber, and Hamilton, and smiled to myself.

Such conversations going on among the audience around you, and accidentally overheard, are sometimes as good as the play! One night, at the Walnut, we were edified by the talk of a queer party behind us, consisting of a father, mother, and a hopeful son, a small boy, with a large voice, who addressed his parents with the somewhat obsolete titles of "dad" and "marm."

"Who's that the picture of, marm?" he asked, pointing to a sorry painting, but an unmistakable likeness, according to the Chandos portrait, of "the divine Williams," as the French critic called Shakspeare—over the stage.

"I don't know him, sonny—ask your father."

"Well, dad, whose picture is that up there?"

Now "dad" was evidently a gentleman of the flash fraternity—his shirt front was studded with stars of sparkling paste, and over a gaily flowered waistcoat, an immoderate length of gold chain trickled like treacle. Giving a wise squint at the object indicated, he responded—

"I don't know him, neither—one of the actors, I suppose—or may be, it's the man that owns the theatre."

The play was *Richelieu*, and as it proceeded, our young gentleman bestowed on the venerable Cardinal, the paternal title, with the addition of a syllable, and greeted every *entrée* with a "Hallo! here comes old daddy again!"

This reminds me of a recent visit to the Arch. We were there last Monday night, in the midst of the rain-storm, forgetting it and all else disagreeable, laughing off the cares, vexations and weariesses of the day, in witnessing, and hearing the extravagances, absurdities and irresistible drolleries of a band of Ethiopian serenaders—the Morris Brothers' company of "Minstrels and Cow-bell-o-gians." It was one of the most unexceptionable entertainments I have ever witnessed, the burlesque being nowhere offensively broad, or the wit coarse. I do not even think that it overstepped in its wildest humor and extravagance, the wide bounds of nature, in that fun-loving and fun-provoking race, whose originality is inexhaustible, whose genius for the comic and grotesque is unsurpassable—whose variety is infinite. I have seen representations of Irish and Yankee character which I thought more audacious and overdone.

The star-actor of the company, the famous Frank Brower, is a man of undeniable dramatic genius. He *is* the character he personates, utterly and absolutely, for the time; he speaks it, walks it, looks it, breathes it—never losing it for a moment.

The certain sign of a true actor seems to me to be that he does not don a part, like a stage-costume; it is to him a new life, a new body, a new brain. By the power of genius, he is able to leave himself, and enter into the existence, the consciousness of another, as Stirling's hero by the magic of the "Onyx King," transmigrated at will. Mr. Brower has this certain sign,—his "Happy Uncle Tom" is so perfect a piece of acting that it seems to me the first sight of the native hue of his skin, in washed hands and face, after a personation, must always be a pleasant surprise to him. He unites the toils and the pleasures of two races—Yankee thrift and African fun. It is a strange life—half in eclipse—a chequered existence. He revolves, like the earth—by day, in light, by night, in darkness.

The band contains a number of admirable singers, and a really marvelous dancer. I never saw displayed such steel-like elasticity and strength of muscle, and such a "gift of continuance," as by him, in a certain painfully elongated jig.

In one of the songs an imitation of the Mocking-bird was given—no spiritless strain of a caged songster, but a genuine gush of wild melody, free and clear and joyously defiant—seeming to burst from the air above us, to circle swiftly around us, and to bring in upon us the coolness of the woods and the rustle of the green leaves in the evening wind.

One of the talking gentlemen who answers to the name of "Julius," has the most deliciously comic laugh I have ever heard. It is not the dry cackle, or the senseless chuckle sometimes given out as the laugh Ethiopian. It is rich, unctuous, the expressed juice of careless mirth and jollity. It struck my heart with a positive shock of fun, and never failed to bring a quick, childish peal of laughter to my lips. I laughed as though there were nothing better in the world to do—and for the time, I certainly forgot that there was.

Everything purely comic in the entertainment was good—all the genuine negro melodies were pleasing, but I did not like the sentimental songs, of which we get too many among the "white folks." They seemed to me out of place and out of character. One mournful lament—"*I Have No Mother Now*," though sweetly sung, had all the effect of a discord. It came like a knell in carnival time—beating back for a moment the tide of fun and frolic, which soon rushed on, as riotous as ever.

Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Free Country—Prince Napoleon in Tuscany—Austrian Recruits—A New Rose—An Impartial Jury—A Row at Jerusalem.

Paris, June 2, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Of course all eyes here are turned towards Italy, where the affair of Montebello, which proves to have been a much more serious engagement than was at first supposed, still remains the sole action of much individual importance since the opening of the campaign. Rumors of a general engagement have been circulating here for the last two days, but without official confirmation; and yesterday a proclamation posted up in the streets, threatened the "disseminators of false news," with five years' imprisonment! Just as though people could refrain from speculating and talking when such a war as the present is going on; and as though, also, people here could possibly be in a position to say whether any piece of news is false or true. "It would have been better to say simply, 'the disseminators of *news* shall be imprisoned for five years,'" is the general comment on this absurd and odious little proclamation.

With regard to the battle of Montebello, the accounts from Vienna and Turin necessarily differ a good deal, each party making the enemy the most numerous; but it is now certain that the Austrians were much more numerous than the allies, and that the loss in killed and wounded, though severe on both sides, was far heavier on the side of the Austrians. The position of the latter, posted on a rising ground, with the village of Montebello in the centre, was exceedingly strong, and it seems incredible that they could have abandoned such a position. They occupied all the heights, and commanded all the roads by which the French came up. Great imprudence is considered to be implied in General Forey's advance; and old soldiers here, in discussing the affair as set forth in the official bulletins, declare that Baraguay d'Hilliers would have been cashiered by Napoleon I., for having allowed General Forey's division to have been posted at four leagues from any reinforcements in so exposed a country.

The French are still at Alessandria, but are to move forward as soon as their numbers and preparations are complete. They are accumulating, for their use in Lombardy, stores of all kinds at their head-quarters of Alessandria, these supplies being imported from France. The country beyond the Po and Ticino is stripped so bare by the Austrians, that it would be impossible to victual the army otherwise. The most admirable discipline is said still to mark the conduct of the French troops; and truly, it is hard to imagine that any body of men, welcomed with the enthusiastic joy and affection of which the French army receives such touching demonstrations at every step, could do otherwise than respect the people who are lavishing on them every proof of kindness, gratitude, and confidence. Among other signs of the promptness of the Emperor Napoleon, and his indifference to official routine, is his treatment of two French soldiers who were detected, a few days ago, in abstracting wine from a cask by means of the stem of a pipe. Instead of having the poor devils shot, the Emperor had them brought up in presence of their comrades, contemptuously dismissed from the regiment, and sent back to France, as unworthy to fight for Italy! This mode of punishment is said to have made the deepest impression on the army, and will no doubt have an excellent effect on their minds.

To give some idea of the enthusiasm of the higher ranks of the Italians, I may mention that in one of the cavalry regiments there are three Marquises Visconti; in the Cacciatori delle Alpi, four Counts Della Riva; three Counts Arrivabene in another regiment; and that numbers even of Dukes and Princes,—not scions of decayed houses having lost all their ancient splendors excepting their titles, but men who are of the noblest, richest, and oldest families of Venice, Florence, Cremona, Brescia, Bergamo, and Padua. The young Duc de Chartres, second son of the late Duke d'Orleans, is serving in the Piedmontese army; but it is not supposed that this fact has any political significance. The young Prince says he is "learning war under the auspices of a brave sovereign whose house is an old ally of France;" and his presence in the allied army has probably no farther meaning; although another report says that the Prince has been the object of the most courteous attentions on the part of the Emperor Napoleon, and that the latter is intending to open a path to honor for him in his native land.

"Gen. de Sonnay, whose chivalrous courage has been so much admired, says a letter from Turin, was on the point of being killed by an Austrian chasseur, who was taking aim at him with his rifle. A soldier, seeing the danger, dashed forward from the ranks, himself received the ball, and fell, severely wounded, but overjoyed at having saved the life of his commander. This soldier was one of the Lombard volunteers, the Marquis Fadini; he is now at Voghera, and his wound excites serious uneasiness."

Count Storza, of Milan, first aide-de-camp of Gen. Fanti, being in delicate health, was advised by that General to withdraw from active service on that account; but so deeply did the Count feel the idea of separation from the Italian army at such a time as this, that he has just committed suicide by throwing himself out of the window of his bedroom at Turin.

The French Emperor has proclaimed that "wishing to give an example of clemency, and to soften rigors not necessary in war," he shall set at liberty all the wounded Austrians as soon as they are able to travel. He also caused a good dinner to be given to all the Austrian prisoners when they passed through Genoa for Marseilles, together with a present of 100 francs to each officer, and 10 francs to each private. Yet, it is said, the Austrian Generals have so fully possessed their troops with the belief that the French are savages, who treat their prisoners with the most revolting barbarity, then cut their heads off, and finally *eat them*, that a wounded Austrian private was actually found, four days after the combat of Montebello, who had preferred bearing all the agonies of his wound, of hunger, and of thirst, rather than quit his hiding-place, and fall into the hands of the French. When discovered, he had been for four days behind a large cask, full of wine, in an out-house, and people had resorted to this cask repeatedly every day. The poor fellow, profoundly convinced, in his own words, that "the French are barbarians who eat Christians," managed to tie up his fractured leg with his handkerchief, but the dye from this caused his wound to inflame horribly, and his tortures became so great that at length he manifested his presence, and was carried to the hospital at Voghera, where he found his wounded comrades in the same wards with French and Piedmontese, all kindly and carefully tended.

The peaceful revolution of Tuscany is now apparently consolidated. M. Buoncompagni is commissary for King Victor Emmanuel "until the close of the war of independence," when Tuscany is to choose the form of government she shall prefer. Prince Napoleon is now in that Duchy, at the head of the Fifth Division of the army of Italy, with a view to a military organization of the resources of the country, so as to render them most effectual for the common cause. Alarm has been expressed at this step, as a move towards family aggrandizement on the part of the French Emperor; but this alarm does not appear to be justified. The Prince is to quit Tuscany as soon as his mission is fulfilled, and hasten to effect similar military organizations in the other dependencies of Austria as soon as they shall have declared for the allies. The Prince's proclamation to the inhabitants of Tuscany energetically repudiates all idea of his seeking a kingdom in Italy; and it is reported here, in Paris, that England, France, and Russia are using their influence in concert to induce the Grand Duke to abdicate in favor of his son, the latter to be placed at once on the grand-ducal throne, having pledged himself to inaugurate constitutional reform in his hereditary dominions. It is said that this course will be most satisfactory to the Tuscans, who are unwilling to become the subjects of Piedmont.

The recruits in Vienna appear to be playing strange pranks. Among other odd bits of news we find that a lieutenant colonel, who is to command the 2d Battalion of Volunteers, was informed by his servant that a man and woman wanted to see him. Order being given to show them in, the servant introduced into the room a young fellow with a cap on his head, a pipe in his mouth, the recruit's nosegay in his button-hole, and holding a barefooted wench by the hand. The volunteer had just time to utter the words, "This young lady wishes to join—" when the commander, by a double movement, knocked his cap from his head, and his pipe from his mouth, and bid him at once leave the room if he did not wish to be punished for disrespect. When this 2d Battalion was about to leave Vienna for Leeben, the men insisted that the women, who had joined their corps as sutlers, nurses, &c., should be allowed to accompany them in the same carriages, but the officers objected to this arrangement. At last it was settled that the women should all go together in one carriage, the last of the train. The doors having been locked, and the usual screech given by the engine, the train went off, but without the last carriage, which had been unhooked at the last moment by one of the persons appointed to superintend the departure of the volunteers. The women were of course excessively indignant at being left behind, but the men journeyed on in blissful ignorance of their separation from their ladyloves.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has just repaired to the seat of war; and in the course of another month we shall doubtless have movements of great importance to chronicle. Meantime, the flower-show now open in one part of the Palace of Industry is among the prettiest of the spectacles hitherto afforded by this vast and costly building for which the administration is so puzzled to find a suitable use. A new rose shown here for the first time, produced from seed, having been presented to the Empress when she visited the show, with the request that she would honor the fair stranger by standing godmother to it, has been named by her "The Montebello;" it forms a very charming variety of this genus so universally beloved, and will, no doubt, make its way in the world. The exhibition of paintings and statuary in the galleries of this building is much more numerous than usual, but though the average of the works is good, there is a nearly total absence of distinguished merit.

A Cattle Exhibition is being held at St. Lo; and curious stories are circulating with regard to the conduct of the jury, and the award of the prizes. It seems that the gentlemen called on to decide between the claims of rival animals, have in reality very little to do in the matter, the decisions being made "by authority," and communicated to the jury, who merely adopt the same. Thus, some friends of mine, who have just been to the Exhibition, recount how, when admiring a very fine bull, which they consider as the finest animal in the show, and which is going to be sent to England, to compete with the specimens of his class at the next English Cattle Show, the peasant in charge of the animal, remarked, "The gentlemen came by this pen, the other day, with books in their hands, when Gamin (the name of the bull) was lying down. I offered to make him get up; but one of them, who seemed to be the head, said it was not worth while to disturb him, and they went on to another pen, where the gentleman said,—'This is the First Prize,' pointing to another bull, not near so fine as ours, which was fast asleep. The rest of the gentlemen wrote something down in their books, and then they went away without having looked at the animal any more than they did at ours." Another case is mentioned, in which the first prize for pigs was clearly due to a Marquis, whose porkers are the admiration of all who patronise that animal; but the prize, instead of being assigned to him, has been awarded to a pen of pigs, very fine, but not nearly as good as those of the Marquis, simply because their owner is a poor man. "If we give the prize to the Marquis of ——," said this sapient and impartial Committee, "it will be said that we have done so because he is rich and a nobleman. The other is poor, and the prize will be of more use to him." So the prize is awarded to the second-best animals, just because the owner of the best happens to be a nobleman!

Great attention is beginning to be paid in France to the rearing of horses; and as the races of the Bois de Boulogne, Longchamps and Satory are exceedingly popular, being attended by all the wealth, fashion and "dash" of the capital, the English terms in use on the turf are to be heard under all manner of *travestissements*, much to the amusement of English hearers. At this present writing, despite the engrossing interest of the war, the Satory races are drawing to the neighborhood of Versailles all the spectacle-lovers of Paris. Bets are running very high, and the issue of the contest is awaited with much interest.

The value of horses is rising all over the continent; in Prussia, where they are just now being called for in great numbers by the Government, the local authorities of each district mark those which they consider as best suited to the use of the army, leaving them with their owners until the moment when they are wanted. They are then demanded by the same authorities, who pay for them a price fixed by themselves. The owners of horses thus marked are compelled, under a fine of one hundred dollars, to refuse all other offers for the animals, and to give them up when called upon, at the Government price; all of which is, of course, very disagreeable to owners of very valuable or favorite horses.

While Europe is arming to the teeth, and all its members in more or less danger of being drawn into the war, the Greeks and Armenians have just been making a frightful row in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, in Passion Week. The Greeks are in the habit of vexing the Catholics, by assembling in the Greek portion of the building while the Latins are carrying on their worship in the portion allotted to them, and disturbing the latter by performing grotesque dances, singing, and shouting, clapping their hands, and doing all they can to annoy their rivals. The Greeks are very dirty, and present a hideous and disgusting spectacle. On Good Friday last, when the Catholics were about to make a solemn procession, a frightful tumult was heard under the great dome, where the Greeks and Armenians were fighting with sticks and fists. After a violent row, the combatants separated, but soon went at it again, the Armenians pulling down benches, pulpits and lamps from the Latin part of the Church, and hurling the fragments at the Greeks. The latter returned the compliment in kind, and two of their sacristans, who were up in the dome, actually threw down lighted torches on the Armenians. The Pacha interfered, and the Latins were enabled to finish their procession. When the Turkish soldiers had beaten off both Greeks and Armenians with the butt-end of their muskets, it was found that the disturbance had been caused by the Greeks having taken possession of a portion of the Church reserved for the Copts, the latter being under the protection of the Armenians. While the so-called Christians behave thus, it is not surprising that the Turks refuse to adopt a creed whose adherents disgrace themselves by these scandalous quarrels.

QUANTUM.

NO LAWFUL IMPEDIMENT.

To sprightly Sue, dull Thomas said—
"A witty girl I ne'er will wed."
"It cannot be," quoth Sue, "because
You fear the old Mosaic laws;
For wit and you are not within
Prohibited degrees of kin."

☞ "For my part, Mrs. Cavendish, when I go out, I don't want, above all things, to be bothered with a man." "Well, I am pretty much of the same mind, Mrs. Rattle; but, after all, in getting into small stores, the omnibus, or a pew, I must say it is quite handy to have a man behind to push in the hoops!"—*Springfield Republican.*

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face.
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve;
Let health my nerve and sinew bless,
And I their toys to the great children leave.
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.
—*Thomson.*

☞ We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emits breath every moment.—*Emerson.*

IMPORTANT NEWS.

A TERRIBLE BATTLE.

The Battle of Magenta—Austrians Forced to Give Ground—Revolt of Milan, and Its Evacuation by the Austrians—25,000 Austrians Reported Killed, and 5,000 Prisoners—12,000 French and Sardinians Killed and Wounded—Austrians Claiming the Victory—Decline in Cotton—Breadstuffs Lower, &c.

Farther Point, below Quebec, June 18.

The steamship Anglo Saxon, from Liverpool on the 18th inst., passed this point this morning, bound for Quebec.

A desperate battle was fought at Magenta, twelve miles from Milan, on the 4th of June, between the allied army, under the Emperor Napoleon, and the Austrian army, under Gen. Hess, in which unlimited forces were engaged on both sides.

The Emperor Napoleon, in his despatches to the Empress at the Tuileries, claims a decisive victory, saying that his army took 7,000 prisoners, placed 12,000 *hors du combat*, and captured three cannons and two standards. He estimates the loss of his own army at 3,000; but it was rumored in Paris that the French loss was between 9,000 and 12,000.

It appears that on the 4th inst., the French troops were under orders to cross the Ticino at Turbige. The Emperor, in his official bulletin, says this order was well executed, though the enemy, in great force, offered a determined resistance. The roadway was narrow, and during two hours the Imperial Guard sustained, unsupported, the shock of the enemy. Meantime, Gen. McMahon made himself master of Magenta, and, after the most sanguinary conflicts, the enemy was repulsed at every point.

It is said that the Austrians, in the precipitation of their evacuation of Milan, left their cannon and treasure behind.

There had been a general revolt at Milan, and the people had declared in favor of the King of Sardinia.

The Austrians retired from Milan, but the city had not yet been occupied by the French.

It was believed that proposals of peace would follow the entrance of the French army into Milan.

The Emperor says that the troops have captured twelve thousand Austrian muskets.

The Municipality of Milan presented an address to King Victor Emmanuel in the presence of the Emperor. The King was to enter Milan on Tuesday, the 7th inst.

The Austrian official bulletin says "the conflict was desperate between the first and third army corps and the enemy in considerable force. The contest was undecided, and continued on Sunday. Our troops threw themselves on the enemy with ardor and perseverance, worthy the most glorious feats of the imperial arms."

It is reported that from 150,000 to 180,000 Austrians, and 130,000 French were engaged in the battle.

The Austrian accounts differ widely from those of the French. Their bulletins speak of "a series of battles being fought with varying success on both sides, but which were still undecided on the night of the 6th. Great losses on both sides are reported."

Gen. Espinasse, of the second corps d'armee, was killed, and Marshal Canrobert, commander of the third corps, was mortally wounded.

Gen. Maurice McMahon, commanding the second corps d'armee, had been created Marshal and Duke de Magenta, as a reward for his bravery on the battle field.

Five of the French Marshals and Generals were wounded.

Marshal Count Baraguay d'Hilliers has been superseded in his command of the first corps d'armee by Gen. Forey.

Four of the Austrian Generals and five staff officers were wounded at the battle.

The Austrians took one cannon.

The London Times says there was very hard fighting at Buffalora, with varying success. The battle lasted till late at night, and was continued the next day at Magenta.

Five Austrian corps were finally engaged. In the afternoon the Austrians took a flank position between Abbiate Grasso and Binasco. The Austrians have taken many prisoners.

The London Times, in its editorial, says the fight was undecided, but the French had the best of it. The absence of late telegrams via Paris is not considered as indicative of French success.

The London Advertiser says that it is rumored that the government has a dispatch from the British Minister at Vienna, announcing an Austrian victory.

The opinion was strengthening in London that the French were defeated.

It is thought that the rapid movement of the allies across the Ticino had compelled the Austrians to accept the battle.

The Emperor Napoleon was present, but did not command.

The latest intelligence from General Garibaldi states that he he had quitted Lecco, and General Urban had retreated from Monza, upon which Garibaldi was supposed to be marching.

Austrian Accounts.—The following are Austrian accounts, by way of Vienna. The information is meagre and unsatisfactory:

The official Austrian correspondence of Sunday, the 4th, contained the following authentic communication:—

The details and results of the battle at Magenta are still expected. The Austrian army had been transferred during the night from the 4th to the 5th inst., to Abbiate Grasso. The same news states that the combat was undecided, and that a farther fight was expected on the next day.

The following official bulletin was issued:

"Vienna, June 6—11 30 A. M.—A desperate combat took place on Saturday, between the 1st and 3rd, Count Clam's and Prince Lichtenstein's *corps d'armee*, and the enemy, who had passed the Ticino in very considerable force. The result of the contest was undecided. The combat was continued on Sunday. Our troops threw themselves upon the enemy's ranks with ardor, and showed a valor and perseverance worthy of the most glorious feats of arms of the Imperial army. Milan is perfectly tranquil. The head quarters, yesterday, were still at Abbiate Grasso."

An Austrian telegram from Vienna gives a similar view, but adds that the "authorities and weak garrison of Milan, with the exception of the castle garrison, have withdrawn at the command of Count Gyulai. The town is quiet."

France.—The city of Paris has been illuminated in honor of the victory of the French arms at Magenta.

The Paris Bourse was active and prices higher, the Rentes closing at 63f. 30c.

Great Britain.—The Queen delivered her opening speech to Parliament on the 7th. She laments the outbreak of the war; says she did all she could to prevent it, and proclaims her strict and impartial neutrality. She says the navy has been increased beyond the authority granted by Parliament, and asks for its sanction. She commends the opening of the diplomatic intercourse with Naples. She expresses the hope that the reform question will be settled during this or the next session.

In the House of Commons the Liberals had moved an amendment to the address to the throne, in reply to the royal speech, declaring that her Majesty's ministers do not possess the confidence of Parliament, and a debate thereon was pending.

Mr. Disraeli has announced in Parliament that the question of reform would be postponed until the next session. He also stated that the foreign policy of the government would be non-intervention and peace.

Louis Kossuth was to leave England on the 7th for Italy, with three hundred of his countrymen returned from America.

It is said that Sir Edward Grogan is to be Governor of Canada.

Russia.—A circular issued by Prince Gortschakoff, to the Envoys of Russia at the courts of Germany, declares that if Germany aids Austria, the equilibrium will be destroyed.

A dispatch from Darmstadt says that the Presidents of both branches of the Legislature made speeches in favor of war against Napoleon.

Commercial Intelligence.—Liverpool Cotton Market, May 31.—The Market closed with but little inquiry and prices weak, while some authorities say that in many cases a reduction of ¼d had been admitted to since the steamer of the 4th, which reported an advance of about the same amount.

State of the Trade.—The advices from Manchester are unfavorable; the market was dull, the East India demand having subsided.

Liverpool Breadstuffs Market.—In the Liverpool Breadstuffs Market all descriptions were slightly lower. Messrs. Richardson, Spence's & Co. quote American Flour very dull and unsaleable, and quotations nominal at 11s@13s 6d.—Wheat declined 2@3d; Western 8@10s; do White Southern 10s 6d@13s. Corn had a downward tendency, and holders were pressing on the market at a reduction for European. American sorts were quoted at. Mixed, 6s 6d@6s 8d; Yellow, 6s 8d@6s 10d; White, 8s@8s 6d.

Liverpool Provision Market.—The Liverpool Provision Market was dull, and prices weak. Beef was heavy, and all qualities slightly lower. Pork dull, and sales unimportant. Bacon quiet. Lard dull and slightly lower. Tallow steady. Butchers' Association 56s@56s 6d.

Liverpool Produce Market.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. quote Rosin dull at 4s for common. Sugar firm and 6d higher. Coffee quiet. Ashes dull and nominal. Spirits of Turpentine dull, but steady.

London Markets.—Breadstuffs were dull but steady in London. Sugar was firm at an advance of 6d@1s. Coffee firm at a slight advance. Tea firm. Rice heavy, and previous quotations barely maintained. Tallow firm at 55s 3d.

American Securities.—American Stocks were slow of sale, but without alteration of moment in rates.

PREVIOUS ITEMS.

The advices from Italy confirm the capture of Palestro by the Sardinians. The King Victor Emmanuel commanded in person, and exhibited the greatest gallantry.

The Austrians twice endeavored to re-take Palestro, but were repulsed, after sanguinary encounters. The Sardinian reports say that they captured 1,000 prisoners and eight guns.

The report received by previous arrivals, that General Garibaldi had met with a repulse by a superior Austrian force, is confirmed, but it now appears that he was successful in re-entering Como.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 31st, a force of 25,000 Austrians endeavored to re-take Palestro.

The King (of Sardinia) commanded the Fourth Division in person, and General Cialdini, at the head of the Third regiment of Zouaves, resisted the attack for a considerable time, and then, having successfully assumed the offensive, pursued the enemy, taking a thousand prisoners, and capturing eight guns, five of which were obtained by the Zouaves.

Five hundred Austrians were drowned in a canal during the fight.

Another fight took place at Confrenza, in the province of Somelina, in which the enemy were repulsed by the division under General Forey, of the first corps of the French army, after two hours' conflict.

The French despatches confirm the Sardinian bulletins, and say the latter behaved most valiantly at Palestro. The Zouaves, although unsupported and in front of an Austrian battery of eight guns, crossed the canal, ascended the heights, which were very steep, and charged the Austrians with the bayonet. More than four hundred Austrians were thrown into the canal, and six pieces of cannon taken.

The Emperor conferred the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor on Gen. Forey for his gallant conduct during this battle.

The Sardinians are believed to have been terrible cut up at the various conflicts about Palestro, but the number of their loss is not mentioned in the despatches received.

Napoleon subsequently visited the battlefield, and congratulated the Sardinians. An Austrian General is reported among the killed.

The Austrian version of the battle has not been received.

The London Times, of the 3rd, says that the victory at Palestro was more decisive than that at Montebello. This time the Austrians can scarcely say that, having accomplished their purpose, they retired because they wished to retire. It was to them an important object to hinder the junction of the Sardinians with Canrobert, and in this they entirely failed. This victory was won by the Sardinians, with their King at their head. The Times highly extols Victor Emmanuel and his army, and says the hopes of Italy rest on the banners of the Sardinian King.

The French engineers had arrived at Jutsa, and were collecting vessels to cross Lake Maggiore with 500 men.

The French squadron in the Adriatic have captured 35 Austrian vessels, valued at four million francs.

Fugitives arriving in Switzerland, of whichever side, are immediately disarmed, and the Federal Executive had caused the frontiers of Engadine to be occupied by Swiss troops.

The latest intelligence was to the effect that a revolt in the whole of European Turkey was imminent. It is believed to be instigated by Russian agents.

The Times Paris correspondent says that the Empress, MM. Walewski, Fould and others, are in favor of peace, and will give their best support to the same as soon as the French enter Milan.

Great Britain.—There was a rumor that the Duke of Cambridge is about to retire from his high office at the Horse Guards on account of some disclosures or reflections in a report of the committee on the sale of army commissions.

The Princess Frederick William had embarked at Gravesend on her return to Berlin.

In the Derby races, the stakes were won by Sir Joseph Hawley's horse, Musjid. The value of the stakes was nearly £7,000, and it is rumored that Sir J. Hawley wins £100,000 more on bets.

It is stated that the prospectus of a new company will be issued in a few days, for laying a telegraph cable from Cornwall to Canada. The proposed capital is £500,000 sterling.

France.—The recall of the French soldiers on leave has added 120,000 veterans to the army.

The Paris Bourse was advancing, and the quotations are higher.

Taree per cent. rentes closed on the 3d at 63 francs for money.

Flat-bottomed gunboats are being constructed in France to navigate the Po, Ticino, and other rivers of Italy.

Twenty-two additional battalions of foot chasseurs are to be organized.

Italy.—The U. S. frigate Wabash, with the British men of war, fired guns in tribute to the late King of Naples.

It is stated that Piedmont has recognized the neutrality of the Papal States with certain conditions.

Germany.—An extensive French manufacturer, whose establishment at Hesse Cassel employed seven hundred hands, has been compelled to quit, in consequence of the excitement against the French.

Naples.—The new King is believed to be anti-liberal, and too much disposed to follow in the footsteps of his father.

La Presse of Paris says that the uncertainty which prevails as to which course the government of Naples will pursue, induces the cabinets of France and England to act with great circumspection.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News takes it for granted that the new King of Naples is in the hands of the Austrians.

Behaviour of the Austrians.—The correspondent of the London Times, who accompanies the head-quarters of the Austrian army—the French and Sardinians, by the way, allow no correspondent of any paper in their armies—writes:—

By this time I dare say people are beginning to acknowledge that my account of the treatment of the natives by the Austrians was the true one. The Armonia, published at Turin, even, I am glad to find, cries out against the exaggerations of the Piedmontese press. Some of these are extremely absurd. I read to-day a most eloquent denunciation of the atrocious conduct of that fiend General Benedek at Vercelli. Now, this general is a very determined soldier, and, I doubt not, would have kept the Vercelli people in good order, but he has not been there at all, in the first place, and in the second, the good folk of Vercelli did not require severe treatment from any one. As to the amount of contributions demanded I cannot be mistaken. I see daily convoys arriving from Milan and Pavia with bread and wine, so that the assertion that the Austrians not only live on this country, but send provisions into Lombardy, cannot be true. I see the corn standing, except in the few fields where troops have bivouacked. I ride about the country and see that no wanton destruction of property has taken place. The respect for property has, in my humble opinion, been carried rather too far. The railway from Tortona to Stradella is now a military engine, and every ounce of food left in Voghera saves the invaders the time and labor necessary to transport it from Genoa.

One Austrian battalion bivouacs in the square of this town. These men I have observed attentively, and, for the instruction of those who think the Austrians troops barbarians, I will tell you how they pass their evenings. About five o'clock they all crowd around the band, which is led by Farbach, the well known Viennese composer, and take the greatest delight in listening to the music. During the intervals of the instrumental music parties of twenty or thirty of these so called savages, sing in a manner which I have not yet had the pleasure to hear equalled in France or England. Tyrolese songs follow Viennese, and then sometimes the band strikes up some Hungarian tune, and in an instant a space is cleared, and every Hungarian in the crowd joins in a dance; or Farbach gives one of his exquisite waltzes, and a hundred Germans seize the opportunity of enjoying their favorite dance. Hairy fellows, in thick shoes and great coats, are their only available partners to be seen; but still it is very pleasant to see these men amusing themselves in so refined a manner. I have even seen one man, mounted on a chair, reciting poetry to an attentive crowd. The Italians stare at all this.

☞ "Charlie, my dear," said a loving mother to her hopeful son, just budding into breeches, "Charlie, my dear, come here and get some candy." "I guess I won't mind it now, mother," replied Charlie, "I've got some tobacco."

☞ Sully, the great statesman of France, always kept up at table the frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life in the army. His meals consisted of a few dishes, dressed in the plainest and most simple manner. The courtiers often reproached him with the simplicity of his table: and he would reply, in the words of an ancient, "If the guests are men of sense, there is sufficient for them; if they are not, I can very well dispense with their company."

☞ Man, "Symbol of Eternity imprisoned into Time!" it is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the spirit thou workest in that can have worth or continuance.—*Carlyle.*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
grind exceeding small,
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

☞ Distance Lends Enchantment.—We run the risk of experiencing the greatest disgust if we observe too closely how government, justice, and cookery are managed.

How many a man, from love of pelf,
To stuff his coffers, starves himself;
Labors, accumulates and spares,
To lay up ruin for his heirs;
Grudges the poor their scanty dole;
Saves everything, except his soul:
And always anxious, always vexed,
Loses both this world and the next!

☞ Value of Conceit.—Little localised powers, and little narrow streaks of specialised knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected! Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him, and the wave in which he dips. When one has had all his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost all his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.—*Dr. Holmes.*

☞ To lead the forlorn hope in the field of carnage requires less nerve than to fight nobly and unshrinkingly the bloodless battle of life.

☞ Laughing is Best.—Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years; Heraclitus, who never ceased crying, only sixty.—*Steevens.*

☞ Kinder is the looking-glass than the wine-glass, for the former reveals our defects to ourselves only, the latter to our friends.—*Punch.*

☞ "All men have their price," is usually credited to Walpole; but it is a maxim that never was uttered by anybody, we suspect, but has been adopted by all, as a species of political truism. Coxe, in his "Memoirs of Walpole," says that statesman used to allude to pretended patriots by saying, "All those men have their price."

☞ Silence Not Always Wisdom.—If the mouth of a wise man be shut, he is, as it were, a fool; for who shall know his understanding? Therefore a certain philosopher said well, Speak, that thou mayest be known; great talkers, without knowledge, are as the winds that whistle; but they who have learning should speak aloud.—*Vanbrugh.*

When I have sixpence under my thumb,
Then I get credit in the town;
But when I am poor, they bid me gae by;
Oh, poverty parts good company.—*Old Song*

☞ Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection, and self-distrust the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.—*Zimmerman.*

WHO TOOK IT?

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROCK," "THE RED COURT FARM," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

I stood in Mrs. Brightman's drawing-room, the light from the chandelier falling full upon Hatch, her maid, who had taken up her station before me. I had received a remarkable missive by the late afternoon's post, and it had brought me down in haste: the schoolmaster was certainly abroad wherever Hatch may have pursued her education.

"sur this comes hoppin youle eccuse blunders as i hanet no skollerd sur missus is worser and if youle com ive got som things to tell you your umbul survint hatch but dont say to peri as i sent."

So I went to Mrs. Brightman's. Perry, the butler received me. "Oh, sir, such a house as it is! my mistress is in bed with brain fever, and Miss Annabel's gone to Hastings, and—"

"Gone to Hastings!" I uttered.

"My mistress sent her yesterday, sir: she was not very ill then."

Hatch came into the room and ordered Perry out: she assumed great authority in the house, and was encouraged to do so by Mrs. Brightman. She closed the door and then advanced. "Mr. Strange, sir," said she, in a low tone, "did you get a epistle from me?"

I nodded.

"You said you should be down here last night, sir."

"I intended to be, but was unavoidably prevented at the moment of setting out. I had to go elsewhere on business that could not be delayed."

"I want to know what I be to do," continued Hatch. "I ain't a person of edication or learning, sir, but my wits is alive, and they serves me instead. Now I've been a thinking that I'd better tell it out, as to what's the matter with missis. Last night, when she was a raving—and towards morning it took me and Perry all our strength to hold her—I got frightened, sir, which is a complaint I'm not given to; so, says I to myself, 'The very first time I sets these eyes on Mr. Strange I'll tell him; for there's none of the famarly more nearer to tell it to; and then, whether missis lives or dies, the 'sponsability is off my back.' And with morning light, sir, I wrote that epistle."

"Yes; never mind all that. What about Mrs. Brightman?"

Hatch dropped her voice to a mysterious whisper. "Sir, missis indulges, she do."

I looked at Hatch. The words I heard, but catch their meaning I did not. "What does she do?"

Hatch took a step forward, which brought her on to the rug, quite close to me. "She indulges, sir."

"Indulges in what?" I uttered, still marvelling.

"In stimilinks, sir."

The meaning, in spite of Hatch's English, dawned upon me now; and I felt a cold shiver run through me. Annabel's mother! and honored Mr. Brightman's wife!

"Yes, sir, in stimilinks," proceeded Hatch. "Brandy, gin, rum, wine; any sort as comes: she likes brandy best; but, failing that, takes the rest."

Question upon question rose to my mind—Was it known to Mr. Brightman?—Had it been a prolonged habit?—Was it deeply indulged in? But Annabel was her child, and my lips refused to utter them.

"It have been the very plague of my life and master's to keep it from getting wind," continued Hatch. "'Hatch does this in the house, and Hatch does the t'other,' the servants cry. Yes; but master knowed why I set up my authority; and missis knowed it too: it was to screen her."

"How could she have fallen into the habit?"

"It have growed upon her, sir. A little at first, and a little, and then a little more. But since master's death, there haven't been nobody to check her. Whole days she have been in her room, shutting out Miss Annabel, under the excuse of her headaches or her lowness, drinking all the time; and me there to keep the door. I'm sure the black stories I have gone and invented, to balk Miss Annabel and put her off the right scent, would drive a parson to his prayers."

"Then Miss Annabel does not know it?"

"She do now," returned Hatch. "The first night there was that row in the house about missis seeing the ghost, her room was opened, in the fright, and all the house got in. I turned the servants out: I daredn't turn out Miss Annabel, and she couldn't fail to see that her mother was the worse for drink. So then I told her some, and Mr. Close telled her more next morning. Miss haven't been herself since, sir."

Annabel's strange grief, so mysterious to me, was accounted for now. "Perry says Mrs. Brightman is now lying in a brain fever?"

"'We calls it brain fever to the servants, me and Mr. Close; it's near enough for them," was Hatch's reply. "I thought sure-ly Perry would suspect last night—and I don't know as he didn't—for she shook the bed under her, as she laid. It's the trimmings, sir."

I thought—reader, I *did*—that Hatch had wandered to the subject of dress: her own cap trimmings, the streamers in full view, may have helped the delusion. She soon enlightened me.

"Many threats, sir, have she had of the 'lirious trimmings, but they have come on with a vengeance now. She is in a weakit," added Hatch, confidentially.

"In a waistcoat!"

"A strait-weakit. Mr. Close and me consulted together, sir, and we thought it best. They *is* put on, in bad cases of brain fever, and if she'd not been put in one, it would have took three to keep her to-day; and then nothing could have saved the disgrace from coming out, down stairs."

Nothing could save it from coming out, as it was, in my opinion; down stairs and up, in doors and out. Oh, Annabel! "But, Hatch," I cried, awaking from a reverie, "why need you have invented a story of Mr. Brightman's ghost?"

"I invent it!" returned Hatch. "I didn't invent it. Missis did see the ghost: not that there was any ghost to see, sir, but when these poor creatures is in the trimmings, they does see things, animals, and ghostesses, and devils, there's no doubt on't. Nobody won't get me to believe as master comes back, because he was a good man; and good men, as dies in peace, is pretty sure to rest quiet in their graves: missis saw it, as she thought, right afore her, and though it were only in her own brain, she'll never be persuaded but what she did see it. And I didn't say a nay to the kitchen: for which was best, Mr. Strange, sir—to let 'em think she was shaking and raving from fear of a ghost, or to let 'em know she was mad with drink?"

Hatch's policy had been wise. I told her so.

"I have seen the trimmings afore to-day, so that I ain't afeard of 'em," continued Hatch. "I had a step-uncle as was give to drink, and he had 'em often. Beer were his first weakness, and gin were his next; wine were missis's. If that step-uncle of mine, sir, had been put to soak in a hogshead of beer up to his neck, and nothing to do but dip his mouth in, to drink, he wouldn't have had enough of it; the trimmings took him off at last, just afore I went out to service, and a good riddance it were to his famerly. He'd be always a seeing of things; blue and red and green imps a creeping up his bed-posts, and horrid little black devils. He used to start out into the village, for fear of 'em, and once, when he were stark naked, all but his shoes, he runned out past the cottages, and flung hisself into the pond oppersite the stocks, and all the women and childern, as seed him from their doors and winders, a rushing out and hollering after him. We thought at least it were a mad dog broke loose, to see the folks a running like that, whereas it were nothing but my step-uncle, stripped."

"And Mr. Brightman knew of this! knew that she was given to—to like stimulants?"

"He couldn't be off knowing of it, sir, habiting, as he did, the same rooms; and it have just bittered his life out. She have never had a downright bad attack, like this one, therefore we could hide it from the servants and from Miss Annabel, but it couldn't be hided from him. He spoke to me about it six or seven months ago, when he was having a iron bedstead put up in the little room close to hers, and he sent off Miss Annabel to her aunt's at Hastings, and kep' her there to be out of the way. Missis had got worse, and master couldn't make believe no longer not to see it, and he spoke to Mr. Close."

"Has it been long growing upon her?" I asked, in a low voice.

"Sir," returned Hatch, looking at me with her powerful eyes, "it have been growing for years and years. I think it come on first from idleness—"

"From idleness!"

"I mean what I say, sir. She were young when she married master, and she didn't care for him. She cared for somebody else—but that's over and done with; things wouldn't work convenient, and they had to part. Of high famerly were Mrs. Brightman, but the sons had ruined the property till nothing was left; and Mr. Brightman had a good home to bring her to. Well, she came here, and brought me with her; I had been her maid beforehand; but she never liked the place; commercial, she said, these neighborhoods was, round London, and the people were beneath her. So she wouldn't visit, and she wouldn't sew nor read; she'd just sit all day long with her hands afore her, a doing of nothing. 'Wait,' says I, to myself, 'till the baby comes.' Well, it came, sweet Miss Annabel, but it didn't make a pin's difference; missis got a maid for it, and then a governess, and turned her over to them. No more babies follered after it; pity but what a score of 'em had come; it might have roused her. And the days and the years went on, and missis only grew more sad and snappish, and had no pleasure in life; when the morning broke, she'd wish the day was over; and when the day broke, she'd wish it were evening.—Then she'd say—it come on quite imperceptible—'Hatch, get me a glass of wine; I'm so low and exhausted;' and I used to get her one, thinking nothing. She took it then, just because she wanted something to rouse her, and didn't know what. But, after a while, she got to like the wine, and in course o' time, she couldn't do without it; a glass now, and a glass then; a bottle in the day, it grew to be, more than a bottle some days, besides what she took with her dinner. Master couldn't make out how it was his wine went, and he spoke sharp to Perry, and when missis found that, she took to have in lots on her own account, unbeknowing to him. Then it grew to brandy. Folks don't stop at the first liquor, sir, when it gets to that pitch; my step-uncle would have swallowed vitriol, sooner than have confined hisself to beer."

"Hatch, this is a painful tale."

"And I've not finished of it," was Hatch's response. "Missis had a illness a year or eighteen months back, and weak enough she were when she began to get about; some thought she wouldn't live. 'She must take stimilinks,' says Close; 'she don't want stimilinks,' says I; 'she'll get better without 'em,' for she was a taking of 'em then, on the sly, though he didn't know it. 'Mrs. Brightman must take stimulinks,' says he, to master.—'Whatever you thinks necessary,' returns master—though if he hadn't begun to suspect then, it's odd to me. And missis warn't back'ard to take Close's stimilinks, and she took her own as well; and from that time she have been a going on worse and worse. It's a dangerous plan for doctors to order stimilinks to weak people," added Hatch, thoughtfully; "bad comes of it sometimes."

I had heard that opinion before; more than once. I had heard Mr. Brightman express it to a client, who was recovering from an illness. Was he thinking of his wife?

"And for the last six months, or so, missis have been a'most beyond control," resumed Hatch. "There was no keeping her within bounds. Me and master tried everything. We got Miss Annabel out of the way, not letting her come home but for two or three days at a time, and them days—my patience! if I hadn't to watch missis like a cat! She didn't wish to exceed in the day when Miss Annabel was here, she wished to wait till night, and make up for it then; but you know, sir, these poor creatures can't keep their resolves; and if she once got a glass early, then all her prudence was given to the winds, and she'd go on at it. My step-uncle were the same, and it's the same with 'em all; let 'em keep from the first glass, and they'll do; but let 'em get that, and they can't help theirselves going on to more. We tried everything, as I say; master talked to her, and showed her what the end of it must be; and he coaxed her, and was tender with her, and begged of her to leave it off. No, she wouldn't: my belief is, she couldn't; it's a disease on 'em, when it gets to that stage, like the measils or the janders, and they can't put it from 'em, if they would, and it has to run to its course's end, and that's death."

"Death!—and after it!"

"On the Thursday night afore master died, there was a quarrel," Hatch went on. "Miss Annabel had come home, and missis warn't fit to appear at the dinner-table, and her dinner was sent up to her room, and master came up after, and they had words. Master said he'd send Miss Annabel back the next morning, and he did so, and then missis declared she'd go off somewhere, too; and she went to Hastings, and took me with her—not to master's sister's, where miss was, but to an hotel. On the Sunday, sir, if you remember, you came down to tell us of master's sudden death."

"Yes."

"Missis were sober when you come down, sir; she had been to church; and she were more prudent out than at home. But, to be sure, how she did take on about master's death, when she was alone with me! They had parted bad friends, and she remembered how aggravating she had been, and she thought, for certain, that he had pisoned hisself. When she knew the rights of it, and that he had been took away peaceful and natural, she didn't get much happier, and kep' on saying that her conduct had druv him miserable. She have been a seeing imps and monsters, and such-like articles for a week past, and then it come to master's ghost—"

"She could not have been sober when she fancied that."

"Nor was she," returned Hatch. "Half-and-half, like; bad enough to betray herself to Miss Annabel. 'Now, don't you go and contradict about the ghost,' I says to her, poor child; 'better let the kitchen think it's a ghost than brandy.' Then a fresh freak took her; that Miss Annabel must go to Hastings, and she ordered one of the servants to attend her. Miss Annabel would not go; she said it was not proper that she should leave missis, and there was a scene; miss sobbing and crying, and missis a raving and commanding, and it ended in her forcing her off. 'I don't want no spies upon me,' says she to me yesterday, when miss was gone, 'and she shall stop at Hastings for good.' Then down she sat and drank till she couldn't drink no longer, which the trimmings is the end of it, and there she is in a weakit."

What a life! what a life it had been for Mr. Brightman! I had often thought that he appeared like a man who bore some inward grief, and, once, I ventured to remark so to him. "We have all our trials, Charles, some more, some less," was the answer, but in a tone that forbade me speaking further.

Hatch would have talked till now; if wine was her mistress's weakness, talking was hers, but she was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Close, and had to attend him up-stairs. On his return, he came into the drawing-room.

"This is a disagreeable business, Mr. Strange. Hatch tells me she has informed you of the true nature of the case."

A disagreeable business! The words and the matter-of-fact tone seemed like a mockery; the business nearly overwhelmed *me*.

"When you met me the other night, here, at the gate, and spoke of Mrs. Brightman's illness, I was uncertain how to answer you," continued Mr. Close. "I thought it probable you might be behind the curtain, connected, as you are, with the family, but I was not sure."

"I never had the slightest suspicion of such a thing, until Hatch's communication to me to-night. She says Miss Brightman, even, did not know it."

"No, they have contrived to keep it from Annabel."

"Will Mrs. Brightman recover?"

"From this illness she will; she has dropped off to sleep this evening, which is all we want; but from the habit, never. It has obtained too safe a hold upon her."

"What is to be done?"

"What can be done?" returned the surgeon. "Mrs Brightman is her own mistress, is subject to no control, and she has a good income at command; I suppose she will go on drinking to the end."

Go on drinking to the end! What a fearful thought! what a fearful life! Could *nothing* be done to prevent it; to recall her to herself; to her responsibility for this world and for the next?

"I have seen enough of these cases," continued Mr. Close, "few medical men more. Before I came into this practice I was assistant-surgeon to one of the debtors' prisons up in town; no school equal to that, in all Europe, for initiating a man into the mysteries of delirium tremens."

"Ay, so I believe. But can Mrs. Brightman's case be like those?"

"Why should it differ? The same habits have induced it. The servants' belief in the ghost-story is amusing," he added, a smile crossing his countenance; "they are overdone with horror, I understand; and, last evening, made up a roaring fire in the kitchen and bolted themselves in, and passed the night round it, the women servants, fearful of venturing up-stairs. Poor thing!" he went on, changing his tone, "she'll see more ghosts in her room before she dies, if she continues to make a friend of the brandy."

"What is to be done, when she gets well from this attack?"

"In what way?" asked Mr. Close.

In what way, truly! My brain was at work over the difficulties of the future. Was Mrs. Brightman to live on, in that, her home, amidst her household of servants, amidst the prying neighbors, who would revel in a tale of scandal?

"I was thinking of the immediate future," I said, aloud. "This cannot be a desirable home for Annabel."

"No. Were she my child, she should not live in it."

The following day took me to Hastings. Annabel was alone when I got there, Miss Brightman out. She started up, full of surprise and apprehension.

"Oh, Charles! has anything happened? Is mamma—is mamma worse?"

"No," said I, cheerfully; "I was at your house last night, and Mrs. Brightman was not well, but better. Do you know what I have come down for?"

"No," she answered, in a tone of hesitation.

"When I saw you on Wednesday, you were in very great grief or trouble. I asked you to share it with me, but you would not. Annabel, my darling, I now know all."

Her heart beat violently as I held her.

"You cannot know it!"

"I know all—more than you do. Mrs. Brightman was worse after you left, and Hatch sent for me. She and Mr. Close have told me the truth."

Annabel would have shrunk away, in her full tide of shame, and a low wail broke from her lips.

"Nay, instead of shrinking from me, you must come to me for ever. My home must be yours now."

She did break away, and stood trembling, her hands clasped, and her emotion strong.

"Charles, weigh well what you are saying. Do not suffer the affection—I must speak fully—the implied engagement that was between us ere this unhappiness came to your knowledge—do not suffer it to bind you now. It is a fearful disgrace to attach to my poor mother, and it is reflected upon me."

I stopped her words; I think I appeased her doubts; the child of an upright and honorable man, like Mr. Brightman, to talk of disgrace! "Annabel, as I hold you to my heart now, so will I, in as short a time as may be, hold you in my home and at my hearth. Let what will betide elsewhere, you shall have one true friend to shelter you with his care and love forever."

Six months later, on a fine September day, I was again at Hastings. Annabel had not been suffered to return home: she begged hard: her mother was her mother, and she believed it her duty to be with her; but Miss Brightman would not allow it, and, had she yielded, I should have interposed my veto: in Hatch's words, strong in sense, but weak in grammar, their home warn't no home for Miss Annabel. The question could not be agitated much longer, for, ere the long vacation was over, she was to come to mine, and the chief purport of my present visit was to settle with Annabel where that home should be.

Miss Brightman, a kindly lady, and upright as a dart with her sixty years, suddenly interrupted what we were saying. She was seated near the window, partly knitting, partly looking into the street.

"Why, bless my heart," she uttered, in a voice of astonishment, "if ever I saw Hatch in my life, that's Hatch, coming here. Annabel, child, give me my glasses."

The glasses were on the table, and I handed them to Miss Brightman. Annabel flew to the window, and grew white and sick: she was never free from fears of what horror might happen in her mother's house. Hatch it was, and apparently in haste.

"What can be the matter? What can bring Hatch at Hastings?"

"Hatch is nodding heartily up, as if not much were amiss," remarked Miss Brightman, who had now put on her glasses. "Hatch is peculiar in her manner, Mr. Charles, but she means no disrespect."

Since Mrs. Brightman's illness in March, she had been going on in not a very satisfactory way: sometimes better sometimes worse.

"What brings you at Hastings?" Annabel and her aunt exclaimed together, when Hatch entered.

"Missis brought me," returned Hatch.—"You be frighted, Miss Annabel, but there ain't nothing wrong. Missis have been better lately; only yesterday she took it in her head to come down here, and we druv down with four posters in the carriage, for she can't abear the rail, she says folks stares at her, and here we be, at the hotel, she, and me, and Perry."

"Would you like to take a chair, Hatch?" said Miss Brightman, in her stiff but not uncourteous manner.

"My legs is used to standing, mum," replied Hatch, with a nod of thanks. "This morning, up gets missis, and down stairs she comes to her breakfast in the sitting-room, and me with her to wait upon her, for at her breakfast she's always shaky, and prefers me, to be about her, to anybody else. 'Waiter,' says she, when the man brings up the coffee. 'Mum?' says he. 'I'm subjec to spadical attacks in the chest,' says she, 'and it's obligate that I have some brandy in my bedroom, for they takes me in the middle of the night. Put a couple of bottles into it,' says she, 'the very best French, and a corkscrew.' 'It shall be done, mum,' says he. I was as vexed as could be to hear it," broke off Hatch, "but what could I do? I couldn't expose missis before the man, and say there mustn't be no brandy put in her room, or else she'll drink it. Well, mum, I goes down to my own breakfast with Perry, and while we was at it, a chambermaid comes through the room: 'I've put two bottles of brandy in the lady's bedroom, as was ordered,' says she. With that, Perry looks at me, all in a fluster—he haven't got no more wits to turn things off than an idiot, haven't Perry. 'Very well,' says I to her, a eating at my egg as if I thought nothing, 'I hope my missis won't have no call to use 'em, but she's took awful bad in the chest sometimes, and it's as well to be ready.' 'I'm sure I pities her,' says the girl, 'for there ain't nothing worse than spasms. I has 'em myself now and then—'"

When once Hatch got into the full flow of a relation, there was no getting in a word edgewise, and Miss Brightman had to repeat her question twice:

"Does Perry know the nature of the illness that affects Mrs. Brightman?"

"Why, in course he do," was Hatch's rejoinder. "He couldn't be long a guessing it for hisself, and the rest I told him. Why, mum, without his helping, we could never keep it dark from the kitchen servants at home. Better have him for a confidant, a aiding to screen missis, than to have it get round to everybody. He's as safe and sure as I be, is Perry: and when it first came out to him he cried over it, that he did, to think of what his poor master must have suffered in mind, afore death took him short. Well, mum, I makes haste over my breakfast, and I goes up stairs, and there was the bottles and the corkscrew, so I whips 'em off the table and hides 'em. Missis comes up after, and she looks about, and down she goes, she thought as they hadn't been brought up yet. Three separate times she comes up, and the third time she give the bell a whirl, and in runs the chambermaid which she was only outside. 'I gave orders this morning,' says missis, 'to have some brandy placed in the room.' 'Oh, I have got the brandy,' says I, afore the girl could speak; 'I put it in the cubbart, mum, again it's wanted.' So away goes the girl, a looking from the corners of her eyes at me, as if suspicious I meant to nib it for my own use; and missis begins: 'Draw one of them corks, Hatch.' 'No, mum,' says I, 'not yet: please don't.' 'Draw 'em both,' says missis—for there are times," added Hatch, "when a trifle puts out missis, and then it's dangerous to cross her. I drawed the cork of one, and missis just pointed with her finger to the tumbler on the washhand stand, and I brought it forward and the decanter of water. 'Now you may go,' says she; so I took up the corkscrew. 'I told you to leave that,' says she, in her temper, and I had to come away without it, and the minute I was gone she turned the key upon me. Miss Annabel, I see my words is grieving you, but they's the truth, and I can but tell 'em."

"Is she there now—locked in?" asked Miss Brightman.

"She's there now," returned Hatch, with solemn enunciation, "locked in with them two bottles and the corkscrew, and she'll just drink herself mad, and what's to be done? I goes at once to Perry, and tells him. 'Let's get in through the winder,' says Perry—which his brains is fit for a gander, and not for human. 'You stop at her door, to listen again downright harm,' says I, 'that's what you'll do, and I'll go to Miss Brightman.' And I come, mum, a running all the way, for I think if you'll go back with me, and knock at her door, and call out that you have come to pay a visit, she'll undo it; she's more afeared of you, mum, than of anybody living. She can't be far gone yet, and you might coax her out for a walk, or invite her to dinner here—if I'm a making too free, mum, it's for the famerly's sake—anything to get her away from them two bottles to day. At home we manages her in the best way we can, but to have a scene at the hotel will be a making of it public."

"What is to be the ending?" I exclaimed, as Miss Brightman went in haste for her bonnet.

"Why the ending must be—just what it will be," observed Hatch, philosophically, "and all we can do is to tempory off the fits of inclination as they rises. Begging your parden, Miss Annabel, you'd better not come—she won't undo her door, if she thinks many's round it."

Annabel stood at the window, as they departed, her face turned from me and her eyes blinded with tears. I drew her away from it.

"My darling, I know it is a heavy grief to bear."

"My days are passed in dread of what tidings may be on the road to me," she began, after a while. "I ought to be nearer to my mother; not so far off as this; she might be ill and dead before I could get to London."

"And so you will be nearer to her, Annabel. Where shall our home be? I was thinking of Richmond—"

"No, no," she interrupted, with sufficient haste to betray she had some project at work.

"Annabel! it shall not be *there*; at your mother's. Anywhere else."

"You have already said so; I was not thinking of it. I want to be somewhere else."

"Then you shall. Where?"

She lifted her face, like a pleading child's, and spoke in a whisper.

"Charles, let me come to you in Essex street. You say sometimes the house is lonely; let me come to brighten it."

"No, no, Annabel. Essex street and its inconveniences I will certainly not bring you to."

"They would be no inconveniences to me. I would make them into pleasures. We would take another servant to help Watts and Leah; I would not be the least encumbrance, I would not be in the way of your professional rooms. And in the evening, when you had finished for the day, we would make haste to dine, and run down to mamma's for an hour, and then back again. Charles, it would be a happy home; let me come to it."

Annabel found an advocate to back her, and that was Miss Brightman. When she returned—without Mrs. Brightman, who, however, was kept within bounds, and the next morning started for town, without causing scandal in the hotel—she urged the same plea.

"Why spend money in setting up another home, Mr. Charles? Mrs. Brightman's cannot be a long life, and then you know her house will be Annabel's, and you may probably choose to reside in it. I think Essex street might be made comfortable." And Essex street was decided upon.

Leah was in an ecstacy when she heard the news. The workmen came into the house to paint and paper, and then I told her.

"Of course, Mr. Charles, it—is—"

"Is what, Leah?"

"Miss Annabel."

"It should be nobody else, Leah. We shall want another servant or two, but you can be major-dome still."

"If my poor old master had but lived to see it!" she uttered, with enthusiasm. "How happy he would have been! how proud to have her here!"

"I fear we shall be cramped for space, Leah. We must see how the rooms can be arranged for the best."

"Not cramped at all, sir; the house is large. Though I don't see," added Leah, after a pause of consideration, "which room we can make into a nursery."

"A what! Who wants a nursery?"

"Why you know, Mr. Charles," returned Leah, in her simple way, "a nursery is generally wanted in time. Why should it not be here?"

"I can't say, I'm sure. That's dating forwards, Leah."

October came. I could not spare more than a fortnight's holiday, leaving Lennard as my locum tenens; Annabel would have been glad to spare less, for she was haunted by visions of what might happen to her mother.

The fortnight came to an end, all too soon, and late on the Saturday night we reached home. Watts threw open the door, and there stood Leah in a silk gown; yes, it was positively silk; black, and rather rusty. The large front sitting-room, gayer than it used to be, was bright with its fire and its preparations for tea.

"Oh, how home-like it looks!" exclaimed Annabel. "Charles," she whispered, turning to me, with her earnest eyes, as she had used to do when a child, "I will not make the least noise when you have clients with you; you shall not know I am in the house; I will take care not to drop even a reel of cotton. I do thank you for letting me come to Essex street; I should not have seemed so completely your wife, had you taken me to any but your old home."

The floor above was also nicely in order and refurnished, a sitting room, bedroom, and dressing-room. Leah went up to it with her new mistress, and I went down to the clerks' office for five minutes. One of them had waited, Allen; but I had expected Lennard.

"He has not been here all day, sir. A message came this morning that he was ill."

The five minutes lengthened into twenty; and little enough, too. Allen left, and I went up stairs again, expecting to have kept Annabel waiting tea. She was not there, and I ran up higher, and found her sobbing in the bedroom. It threw me into a cold chill.

"My love, what is this? Are you disappointed? Are you not happy?"

"Oh, Charles!" she sobbed, clinging to me, "you *know* I am happy; you know my life now is as one long dream of happiness. But I was thinking of my father. Leah got talking of him, and the last time I ever was in this room, a little girl, he was with me; he—"

There came a knock and a ring at the street door; not a common knock and ring, but sharp and loud and prolonged, as of some impatient messenger of evil. Who could it be at the time of night? Annabel's fears flew to Mrs. Brightman; as indeed did mine.

"Charles!—"

"Hush, my darling. Listen!"

As we stood outside the chamber door, and I held her to me, her heart beating against my side, and her senses strained to listen, the street door was opened.

"Is Mr. Strange come home?" was heard in a woman's voice.

"Yes," replied Watts.

"Can I speak to him? It is on a matter of life and death."

"Where do you come from?" demanded Watts.

"I come from Mr. Lennard."

"Go up and tell the master, Leah. It's a messenger from Mr. Lennard."

Leah was ascending the stairs. I leaned over the banisters.

"All right, Leah. I shall be down in a moment."

But I stayed to hold my dear wife's face to mine, and to kiss its tears away.

A young woman stood in the hall; I was at a loss to tell her condition in life. She looked and spoke like a lady, but her clothes were poor.

"I have come from my father, sir," she said, blushing very much; "we fear he is dying, and—"

"Who is your father?" I interrupted.

"Mr. Lennard. He says, sir, that he must see you, or he shall never die in peace. Will you be at the trouble of coming?"

One hasty word to Annabel, and I went out with her, hailing a cab, which had just been setting down its freight.

"What is the matter with your father?" I inquired, as we whirled along towards Blackfriars Bridge, over which, though not far, we had to go.

"It is an attack of inward inflammation. He was taken last night, and has been in great agony all day. This evening he grew better; the pain was less; but the doctor said he must not count upon that as a favorable symptom. My father asked whether he was dying, and the answer was, that he might be. Then my father grew dreadfully uneasy, and said he must see you, sir, if you had reached home."

We arrived at the house—of which it appeared to me they occupied the upper apartments. The remnants of faded gentility were mixed with barrenness and poverty. Poor Lennard was a gentleman born and bred, but had been reduced by untoward misfortune. Trifling ornaments were scattered about, and "anti-macassars" were thrown over the bare chairs.—Miss Lennard went up-stairs, but came down quickly.

"It is the door to the left, sir, on the first landing," said she, putting a candle in my hand. "He is expecting you, and seems very anxious, but he says I am not to go up."

It was a confined landing, nothing in front but a bare wall, and *two* doors to the left. Of course, I blundered into the wrong one. A nightcap border looked up from the bed, and a girlish face from under it.

"What do you want?" she said.

"I am in search of Mr. Lennard."

"Oh, it is the next room. But, sir, wait a moment. Oh, wait, wait!"

I turned to her, in surprise, and she put up two white, thin hands, in an imploring attitude.

"Is it anything bad? Have you come to take him?"

"To take him! What do you mean?"

"You are not a sheriff's officer?"

:I smiled down not troubled countenance.

"I am Mr. Strange—come to see how he is."

Down fell her hands peacefully.

"Sir, I beg your pardon; thank you for telling me. I know my father has sometimes been in apprehension, and I lie here and fear things till I am stupid. A strange step on the stairs, or a strange knock at the door, sets all my inside shaking."

The next room was the right one, and Lennard was lying in it; his face pale, and his eyes wildly anxious.

"Lennard, I am sorry to hear of your illness. What's the matter?"

"Sit down, Mr. Strange; sit down," he added, pointing to a chair, which I drew near.—"It is an attack of inflammation of the bowels; the pain has ceased now, but the doctor says it is an uncertain symptom; it may be for better, or it may be for worse. If the latter, I have not many hours to live."

"What brought it on?"

"I don't know; unless it was that I drank a large draught of cold water when I was hot. I have not been very strong for some time, and a little thing sends me into a violent heat. I had a long walk, four miles, and I made nearly a run of it all the way, being pressed for time; when I got in, the perspiration was dripping off me, and I asked Leah for some water, and drank a pint. It seemed to strike a chill to me at the time."

"It was at the office, then. Four miles!—why did you not ride?"

"It was not your business I was out on, Mr. Strange; my own. But whether that was the cause or not, the disorder came on, and it cannot be remedied now. If I am to die, I must; God is over all; but I cannot go without making a confession to you. How the fear of death's approach alters a man's views and feelings!" he went on, in a different tone. "Yesterday, had I been told I must make this confession to you, I should have said, Let me die, rather; but it appears an imperative duty now, and one I must nerve myself to perform."

Lennard lay on his pillow—bolster, correctly, for pillow there was none—and looked fixedly at me, and I, not less fixedly, at him.—What, in the shape of a "confession," could he have to impart to me? He had been head clerk in Mr. Brightman's office long before I was a partner; a man of severe integrity, and respected by all.

"The night Mr. Brightman died—the bag of gold was missing—George Coney's. You remember it."

"Well?"

"I took it."

Was Lennard's mind wandering? He was no more likely to take gold than I was. I sat, looking, still.

"Yes, it was I who took it. Will you hear the tale?"

A deep breath, and the drawing of my chair closer to his bedside, was my only answer.

"You are a young man, Mr. Strange. I have taken an interest in you since you first came, a lad, into the office, and were under my authority—Charles, do this; Charles, do the other; not that I have shown it, for, outwardly, I am cold and undemonstrative, but I saw what you were, and I liked you in my heart. You are a young man yet, I say; but, liking you, hoping for your welfare, I pray Heaven that it may not be your fate, in after life, to be trammelled with an undutiful and spendthrift son."

"Have you been?"

"I have been, and am. It has been my later cross. The first was the losing of my property and my position in life; the last has been Leonard—that is his name, Leonard Lennard—and it has been worse than the other, for it has kept us *down*, and in a perpetual ferment for years. It has kept us poor, among the poor; my salary, as you know, is a good and handsome one, but it has to be wasted on him."

"What age is he?"

"Six-and-twenty, yesterday."

"Then you are not forced to supply his extravagance, or to find money for his faults and follies. You are not obliged to let him keep you down."

"By law, no. But these ill-doing sons are sometimes entwined round your very heart-strings; far rather would you suffer and suffer, than not ward off the ill from them. He has tried his hand at many things, many occupations, but remains at none; the result with all is trouble; and yet, his education and intellect would fit him to fill a responsible position in life. Get into what scrape he would, whether of debt, or what not, here he was sure of a refuge and a welcome; I received him, his sisters loved him.—One of them is bedridden," he added, in an altered tone.

"I went first, by mistake, into the next room; I probably saw her."

"Yes, that's Maria. It is a weakness, some chronic affection, I suppose, that has settled in her legs; and there she has been for ten months. With good advice and good sea air, she might be restored, they tell me—but I can provide neither; Leonard's claims are too heavy."

"But, should you waste means on him, that ought to be applied to her necessities?" I involuntarily interrupted.

He half raised himself on his elbow, and the effort proved how weak he was, and his voice and eyes had alike a strange earnestness:

"When a son, whom you love better than life itself, has to be saved from the consequences of his follies, from prison, from worse disgrace even than that, other interests are forgotten, let them be what they may. Silent, patient requirements give way to loud wants that stare you in the face, and that may bear fear and danger in their train. Mr. Strange, you can imagine this."

"I do; it must ever be so."

"The wants of a young man, such as Leonard is, are as the cry of the horseleech, Give, give! One of these wants, imperative, and to be provided for in some way or other, occurred last February—the beginning of it. How we managed it, I can barely tell, but it stripped us of all the money I could raise, and left me with some urgent debts upon me. The rent was owing, twelve months the previous December; and the tradespeople—some would not be put off any longer; and the landlord came in. That I had not the means to pay him out, you may judge, when I tell you that we had not the money to buy a bit of meat or a loaf of bread. And my credit was gone!"

Lennard paused, and, stretching out for his handkerchief, wiped his brow.

"Maria was in bed, wanting comforts; Charlotte was worn out with fear; Leonard was away again; and we had nothing. No credit, and a distress in for the rent. I looked round on my position, and I resolved to disclose part of it to Mr. Brightman, and ask him to advance me a portion of my next quarter's salary. I hated to do it; a reduced gentleman is overfastidious, and my pride rose against it. In health, I could not have spoken to you, as I am now doing. I went on, shilly-shallying for three days. On the Saturday morning Charlotte came to me: 'That man in the house says if the rent is not paid to-night, the things will be taken out and sold on Monday; it is the very last day they'll give.' I went to the office, my mind made up at length, and thinking what I should say to Mr. Brightman; should I tell him part of the truth, or should I urge some plea, foreign to it. It was an unusually busy day; I dare say you remember it, Mr. Strange, for it was that of Mr. Brightman's sudden death; client after client called, and no opportunity offered for my speaking to him in private. I waited for him to come down, on his way to leave, thinking I would speak to him then; he did not come, and when the clients left, and I went up-stairs, I found he was stopping in town to see Sir Edmund Chavaring. He told me to look in again in the evening, and I hoped I might find him alone then. You recollect the subsequent events of the night."

"I shall never forget them."

"When I came in, as he directed me, between seven and eight, there was that flurry with Leah—the rights of which I never knew. She said Mr. Brightman was alone, and I went up. He was lying in your room, Mr. Strange, had fallen down close to his own desk, the deep drawer of which stood open. I tried to raise him—I sprinkled water on his face—but I saw that he was dead. On the desk lay a small canvas bag; I took it up and shook it; why, I do not know, for I declare that no ill had then come into my mind. He appeared to have momentarily put it out of the drawer, probably in search of something, for his private cheque-book and the key of the iron safe, that I knew were always kept in the drawer, lay near it. I shook the bag, and its contents sounded like gold; I opened it, and counted thirty sovereigns. Mr. Brightman was dead; I could not apply to him; and yet money I must have; the temptation upon me was strong—and I took it. Don't turn away from me, sir; there are some temptations too strong to be resisted by man, in his necessities."

"I am not turning from you. The temptation was indeed great."

"The devil was near me then. I put the key and the cheque-book inside, and I locked the drawer, and placed the keys in Mr. Brightman's pocket, where he kept them, and I leaped down the stairs with the bag in my hand. Where should I put it, now I had got it? Upon my person? No; it might be missed directly, and inquired for. I was all in a tumult; scarcely sane, I believe, and I dashed into the clerks' office, and taking off the lid of the coal-box, put it in there. Then I tore off for a surgeon. You know the rest. When I returned with him you were there, and the next visitor while we were standing round Mr. Brightman, was Gorge Coney, after his bag of gold. I never shall forget the feeling when you beckoned me to take Mr. Brightman's keys from his pocket to get it out of the drawer. Or when—after it was missed—you took me with you to search for it, in the very office where it was, and I moved the coal-box under the desk. Had you but happened to lift the lid, sir!"

"Ah!"

"When the unsuccessful search was over, and I went home, I stole first into the room and put the bag in my breast-pocket. The gold saved me from immediate threatening trouble, but—"

"You sent it back to me in September; the bag and the £30."

"Yes, I could not do it previously, though the crime colored my days with remorse, and I never knew a happy moment until it was restored. But Lennard had been back again, and restoration was not easy. I—"

Miss Lennard had opened the door.

"Papa, the doctor is here. Can he come up? He says he ought to see you."

"Oh, certainly he must come up," said I, speaking for Leonard.

He came in, and stood looking at the patient, after he had questioned him.

"Well," said he, "you are better; you will get over it."

"Do you really think so?" I asked.

"Decidedly I do, now. It has been a sharp twinge, but the danger's over. You see, when pain suddenly ceases, mortification sometimes begins, and I could not be sure. But you will do this time, Mr. Lennard."

Lennard had little more to say; and, soon after the doctor left, I prepared to follow him.

"There's a trifle of salary due to me, Mr. Strange," he whispered; "what has been going on since Michaelmas Day. I suppose you will not keep it from me?"

"Keep it from you! No. Do you want it before the quarter's end? You can have it if you do."

Lennard looked up wistfully.

"You do not think of taking me back again? You will not!"

"Yes I will. You and I shall understand each other better than ever now."

The tears welled up to his eyes, and coursed down his cheeks. He laid his other hand—I had taken one—across his face. I bent over him with a whisper.

"What has passed to-night need never be recurred to between us; and I shall never speak of it to another. Don't you come to the office, mind, before you are strong enough. But I shall see you again on Monday, for I have five hundred questions to ask, as to what has been going on during my absence. Good-night, Lennard; you will outlive your troubles yet, I hope."

And, never could I have a more faithful servant than Lennard has proved to me since; and I hope and believe that he *is* outliving his troubles. And my darling Annabel is outliving hers; for poor Mrs. Brightman, though no longer in the world, quitted it under far more consolatory circumstances than could have been hoped for. And we have moved from Essex street to a commodious habitation, and Leah was gratified by being allowed a voice in planning out the furniture for the nursery, though, in consequence of a difference over it, she and Hatch nearly had a battle royal.

THE END.

FEVER.

A cup of water, Nora.
What! do you call this cool?
It is like that they used to give us
In summer days at school!
Well, well, good soul,—no matter—
It is all the same to me;
Raise the window just a little—
I can hardly breathe, you see.
It is the waltz of Weber
That the musicians play,
For fairest feet to dance to,
Over the way!

You need not light the candle,
But draw the stand to me, so
That I can easily reach it.
No—the fire is not too low.
Ah! I cannot eat!—to-morrow?
If the doctor thinks it best.
Must you leave me now? good night, then—
Oh, that my brain could rest!
It is still the waltz of Weber
That the musicians play,
For merriest hearts to dance to,
Over the way.

How strange are the shadows, flitting
Around on the dusky wall!
But the fire in my heart grows stranger
And ghostlier than them all.
Is that the town-clock striking?
I think that it is to-night
My fever will reach its crisis;
There are long hours yet till light.
Delicate cooling ices
Are plenty this night in May,
For little red lips to toy with,
Over the way.

I wonder if she loves me
In her pride, and I so poor!
Yet I pour my life out for her—
Was that a step at the door?
It is only the night wind rising
With the waning moon:—Ah, me!
I wish I could see it glimmer
Through the dear old locust tree!
Drooped are the shadowy eyelids,
And low are the words they say,
As the whispering waltzers pass them
Over the way.

Mother, at home, some, bless me!
Can you sleep when your boy in pain
Longs so for the touch of your fingers
To cool his feverish brain?
Sing me to rest with the murmur
Of your hymn, with its holy tune;
In my broken dreams I heard it
Through the long, long afternoon.
Again that waltz of Weber
Sets hearts and feet to play,
Whirling and thrilling and throbbing,
Over the way.

I cannot hear much longer;
I have great, great work to do.
Wealth I must win for the dear ones,—
Fame.—How I wish I knew!
Perhaps, perhaps she would love me,
If she could but see the star
That will one day shine above me!
Ah, me!—'tis so very far!
The soft white cheek is flushing,—
Is it often so hot in May?
Talk they only party gossip
Over the way?

Quiet and gray was the gleaming
That brightened upon the wall;
For the merciful day was breaking,
And the birds began to call,
But a face was changed in the shadows
Of the early, lonesome dawn;
And a pulse had ceased its throbbing,
And the fever all was gone.
But hushed was the waltz of Weber,
And weary that dawn in May,
The hearts and feet that danced so,
Over the way.

A SCENE IN A CALIFORNIA GAMBLING SALOON.

A man, tidily and respectably dressed in a black frock coat and dark trowsers, had come regularly for some evenings—this was the seventh—always at the same time and to the same table; had for a while looked on at the game, and at last drawn a linen bag out of his breast pocket, and staked it on a card. On the first evening the card had won; and he shook the bag out upon the table to count the money. There were twenty-eight Spanish dollars, upon which the banker quietly counted out to him the same sum, and the gentleman walked off with his gains without venturing on a second cast.

On the second evening he came again, staked as before, and lost. Quite coolly, however, without even a look of discontent, he opened the bag, shook it out—it contained exactly the same sum as on the last occasion—then rolled it together, and thrusting it into his pocket, left the saloon. On the third, fourth and fifth evenings the same thing occurred. The gamblers had got used to the man, and amused themselves with his odd ways. Again he lost, and behaved exactly as before, always taking the bag away with him.

On the sixth evening—and so exactly had he kept his time, that the gamblers said, laughing to each other: "It can't be eight o'clock yet; the eight-and-twenty dollar man is not come"—he appeared again, staked as usual, and once more lost. The bar-keeper, who dispensed his wines and spirits just opposite to this table, could not forbear laughing aloud as the stranger shook out the money in his cool, business-like way, as if paying a regular debt for some employer, rather than gambling and throwing away his own money.

The seventh evening came—it was a full minute past eight o'clock, and one of the gamblers said, laughing, to the other: "We have used him too badly, we have frightened him away:" when his comrade pointed over his shoulder, and there was the man in the black frock-coat making his way to his customary place, where some who had happened to meet him there before, readily made room for him, and where he quietly took his seat, paying no sort of attention to the whispered jokes and laughter around him. Until precisely a quarter to nine, he gravely watched the play, and then brought out the well known linen bag, setting it upon the dance, which was that moment turned up. Two cards were drawn, without the deuce appearing—now the ace fell on the left; and on the right—a scarcely perceptible smile played on the banker's lips—the deuce! The stranger turned pale as death; but without uttering a word upon his change of luck, he stretched out his hand for his linen bag, and was untying it, as usual, to count the dollars, when the gambler said, laughing:

"Let it be; I know how much there is in it. Eight-and-twenty. Am I not right?"

"No," said the man, quietly, and shook out the silver upon the table, shook the bag again, and after the silver came a roll of closely wrapped bank notes and a folded paper.

"What is this?" cried the startled gamblers, and the bystanders crowded up full of surprise and curiosity.

"It is my stake," said the man, with seeming indifference, and untied the ribbon that held the bank notes together.

"Hold! That won't do," exclaimed the gambler, throwing down his cards. "That is false play. You have counted out only eight-and-twenty dollars the other evenings."

"False play!" repeated the man, with a threatening frown. "Prove it to be false play. Did I not place the bag, just as it lies there, upon that card? And did you make any objection to taking it unopened?"

"No, no. It is all right, it is all fair," cried the bystanders, always ready and eager to take part against the professional gamblers, who, they feel quite convinced, do not play fairly, although they cannot resist the fascination of the gaming-table, but return again and again to be cheated of their money, as long as they have any to squander there.

"He has staked and won it, and he must have it," they said.

"Count your money. How much is it?" said the gambler, who had whispered a few hasty words to his comrade. "How much is it?"

"Firstly, eight-and-twenty dollars in silver," he replied, slowly, and the others laughed; "then, here in bank notes—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight hundred dollars; and then, here—"

"What! more?"

"A small bill of exchange upon Smith and Penneken—as good as gold, accepted and all, the money only needs fetching—for three thousand."

"Three thousand!" shouted the gambler, starting up from his chair. "Are you mad? That is altogether near four thousand dollars. I shall not pay that!"

"Shall you not?" said the stranger, indignantly. "Would you not have *taken* it, if I had *lost* it?"

"To be sure he would! Of course! Would he take it? Ay, all they can get, they take—and a little more!" exclaimed a number of voices. "He must pay—there is no help for it!"

"Gentlemen," protested the gambler, in the vain hope of obtaining a vote in his favor—"gentlemen, every evening in the last week that gentleman has staked—"

"And every time lost," interrupted one of his hearers. "I have been present several times, and have heard it from others also; and he has never made the least objection to paying."

"But that was only twenty-eight dollars."

"And if it were as many thousands!"

"Only let me speak," remonstrated the gambler, who had turned deadly pale, and trembled all over. "It was but eight-and-twenty dollars that he shook out upon the table, and the papers he held back. Three times already have I won the same sum from him."

"Prove that I had a cent more than the eight-and-twenty dollars in the bag," said the stranger, contemptuously. "Such excuses as that won't serve your turn."

"Why did you not keep the bag, *companero*?" laughed a Spaniard, who stood by; "we keep all that is set on the card."

"If he had lost again, nothing more would have come out of that confounded linen bag than the trumpery dollars," said the other, savagely.

"That's possible; but you cannot prove it," returned the lookers-on. "You must pay."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" said the gambler, furiously striking his clenched fist on the table. "It is a new sort of rascally trick that they want to come over me with; but they have got hold of the wrong man! I won't pay!"

"You have won a hundred dollars from me in the last half-hour," exclaimed a tall Kentuckian, pressing forward over the shoulders of the others, "and I had to pay up to the last cent; if you refuse to pay *him*, you must fork that out again."

"And mine, too!" "And mine!" "And mine!" cried many voices together. "I, too, have lost." "And I." "I lost ten dollars." "I lost fifty." "I lost five-and-twenty." "I a pound of gold! Out with it, if you won't pay!"

A brother gambler now came up from a neighboring table, and spoke in a whisper to his unlucky comrade, whilst the tumult was increasing around them. The other contended earnestly in the same tone for some minutes, but yielded at length to his persuasions, and they both took the money to count over again; carefully examining the bank notes as well as the bill, which was drawn on one of the first banking-houses in the city.

There was nothing to be said against either the one or the other: and whilst the stranger, who had quite recovered his equanimity, sat quietly looking on, as if the hubbub was no concern of his, the gamblers counted out to him the money he had won, almost stripping the table of the heaps so ostentatiously piled up. Part of the payment consisted of several packets of gold-dust, which the stranger, before accepting, cut open, examined carefully, and then weighed at the counter just opposite, where he also took a glass of brandy. He found all correct, and disposing of the gold in his various pockets, he shook what remained into the mysterious linen bag, put the papers and bank notes into his breast-pocket, and courteously thanking his zealous supporters, who returned his greeting with a thundering cheer, he left the saloon.

His quondam friends laughed and talked over the occurrence for a while. Of all present, there was scarcely one, probably, who did not feel pretty sure that he had played false—that he had had his bank notes and bill in the bag on each preceding evening, ready to be produced if he should win; but this they did not call dishonest—it was a clever trick. The gamblers themselves seized upon every advantage, fair or unfair, that came in their way; and every one who had his wits about him would look out for himself. Such is the morality of the gambling-house!

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE SECOND. THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER IV.

CONGRATULATORY.

From the dimly-lighted passages of the court, the last sediment of the human stew that had been boiling there all day, was straining off, when Doctor Manette, Lucie Manette his daughter, Mr. Lorry, the solicitor for the defence and its counsel, Mr. Stryver, stood gathered around Mr. Charles Darnay—just released—congratulating him on his escape from death.

It would have been difficult by a far brighter light, to recognize in Doctor Manette, intellectual of face and upright of bearing, the shoemaker of the garret in Paris. Yet, no one could have looked at him twice, without looking again; even though the opportunity of observation had not extended to the mournful cadence of his low, grave voice, and to the abstraction that over clouded him fitfully, without any apparent reason. While one external cause, and that a reference to his long lingering agony, would always—as on the trial—evoke this condition from the depths of his soul, it was also in its nature to arise of itself, and to draw a gloom over him, as incomprehensible to those unacquainted with his story as if they had seen the shadow of the actual Bastile thrown upon him by a summer sun, when the substance was three hundred miles away.

Only his daughter had the power of charming this black brooding from his mind. She was the Golden Thread that united him to a Past beyond his misery, and to a Present beyond his misery; and the sound of her voice, the light of her face, the touch of her hand, had a strong beneficial influence with him almost always. Not absolutely always, for she could recall some occasions on which her power had failed; but, they were few and slight, and she believed them over.

Mr. Darnay had kissed her hand fervently and gratefully, and had turned to Mr. Stryver, whom he warmly thanked. Mr. Stryver, a man of little more than thirty, but looking twenty years older than he was, stout, loud, red, bluff, and free from any drawback of delicacy, had a pushing way of shouldering himself (morally and physically) into companies and conversations, that augured well for his shouldering his way up in life.

He still had his wig and gown on, and he said, squaring himself at his late client to that degree that he squeezed the innocent Mr. Lorry clean out of the group: "I am glad to have brought you off with honor, Mr. Darnay. It was an infamous prosecution, grossly infamous; but not the less likely to succeed, on that account."

"You have laid me under an obligation to you for life—in two senses," said his late client, taking his hand.

"I have done my best for you, Mr. Darnay; and my best is as good as another man's, I believe."

It clearly being incumbent on somebody to say, "Much better," Mr. Lorry said it; perhaps not quite disinterestedly, but with the interested object of squeezing himself back again.

"You think so?" said Mr. Stryver. "Well! you have been present all day, and you ought to know. You are a man of business, too."

"And as such," quoth Mr. Lorry, whom the counsel learned in the law had now shouldered back into the group, just as he had previously shouldered him out of it—"as such, I will appeal to Doctor Manette, to break up this conference and order us all to our homes. Miss Lucie looks ill, Mr. Darnay has had a terrible day, we are worn out."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver, "I have a night's work to do yet. Speak for yourself."

"I speak for myself," answered Mr. Lorry, "and for Mr. Darnay, and for Miss Lucie, and—Miss Lucie, do you not think I may speak for us all?" He asked her the question pointedly, and with a glance at her father.

His face had become frozen, as it were, in a very curious look at Darnay: an intent look, deepening into a frown of dislike and distrust, not even unmixed with fear. With this strange expression on him his thoughts had wandered away.

"My father," said Lucie, softly laying her hand on his.

He slowly shook the shadow off, and turned to her.

"Shall we go home, my father?"

With a long breath, he answered,

"Yes."

The friends of the acquitted prisoner had dispersed, under the impression—which he himself had originated—that he would not be released that night. The lights were nearly all extinguished in the passages, the iron gates were being closed with a jar and a rattle, and the dismal place was deserted until to-morrow morning's interest of gallows, pillory, whipping-post, and branding iron, should repeople it. Walking between her father and Mr. Darnay, Lucie Manette passed into the open air. A hackney-coach was called, and the father and daughter departed in it.

Mr. Stryver had left them in the passages, to shoulder his way back to the robing-room. Another person who had not joined the group, or interchanged a word with any one of them, but who had been leaning against the wall where its shadow was darkest, had silently strolled out after the rest, and had looked on until the coach drove away. He now stepped up to where Mr. Lorry and Mr. Darnay stood upon the pavement.

"So, Mr. Lorry! Men of business may speak to Mr. Darnay now?"

Nobody had made any acknowledgment of Mr. Carton's part in the day's proceedings; nobody had known of it. He was unrobed and was none the better for it in appearance.

"If you knew what a conflict goes on in the business mind, when the business mind is divided between good-natured impulse and business appearances, you would be amused, Mr. Darnay."

Mr. Lorry reddened, and said, warmly,

"You have mentioned that before, sir. We men of business who serve a House, are not our own masters. We have to think of the House, more than of ourselves."

"*I* know, *I* know," rejoined Mr. Carton, carelessly. "Don't be nettled, Mr. Lorry. You are as good as another, I have no doubt; better, I dare say."

"And indeed, sir," pursued Mr. Lorry, not minding him, "I really don't know what you have to do with the matter. If you'll excuse me, as very much your elder, for saying so, I really don't know that it is your business."

"Business! Bless you, *I* have no business," said Mr. Carton.

"It is a pity you have not, sir."

"I think so, too."

"If you had," pursued Mr. Lorry, "perhaps you would attend to it."

"Lord love you, no—I shouldn't," said Mr. Carton.

"Well, sir!" cried Mr. Lorry, thoroughly heated by his indifference, "business is a very good thing, and a very respectable thing. And, sir, if business imposes its restraints and its silences and impediments, Mr. Darnay as a young gentleman of generosity knows how to make allowance for that circumstance. Mr. Darnay, good-night, God bless you, sir! I hope you have been this day preserved for a prosperous and happy life. Chair there!"

Perhaps a little angry with himself, as well as with the barrister, Mr. Lorry bustled into the chair, and was carried off to Tellson's. Carton, who smelt of port wine, and did not appear to be quite sober, laughed then, and turned to Darnay:

"This is a strange chance that throws you and me together. This must be a strange night to you, standing alone here with your counterpart on these street-stones?"

"I hardly seem yet," returned Charles Darnay, "to belong to this world again."

"I don't wonder at it; it's not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another. You speak faintly."

"I begin to think I *am* faint."

"Then why the devil don't you dine? I dined, myself, while those numskulls were deliberating which world you should belong to—this, or some other. Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine well at."

"Drawing his arm through his own, he took him down Ludgate-hill to Fleet street, and so, up a covered way, into a tavern. Here, they were shown into a little room, where Charles Darnay was soon recruiting his strength with a good plain dinner and good wine; while Carton sat opposite to him at the same table, with his separate bottle of port before him, and his fully half-insolent manner upon him.

"Do you feel, yet, that you belong to this terrestrial scheme again, Mr. Darnay?"

"I am frightfully confused regarding time and place; but I am so far mended as to feel that!"

"It must be an immense satisfaction!"

He said it bitterly, and filled up his glass again; which was a large one.

"As to me, the greatest desire I have, is to forget that I belong to it. It has no good in it for me—except wine like this—nor I for it. So we are not much alike in that particular. Indeed, I begin to think we are not much alike in any particular, you and I."

Confused by the emotion of the day, and feeling his being there with this Double of coarse deportment, to be like a dream, Charles Darnay was at a loss how to answer; finally, answered not at all.

"Now your dinner is done," Carton presently said, "why don't you call a health, Mr. Darnay; why don't you give your toast?"

"What health? what toast?"

"Why, it's on the tip of your tongue. It ought to be, it must be—I'll swear it's there."

"Miss Manette, then!"

"Miss Manette, then!"

Looking his companion full in the face while he drank the toast, Carton flung his glass over his shoulder against the wall, where it shivered to pieces; then, rang the bell, and ordered in another.

"That's a fair young lady to hand to a coach in the dark, Mr. Darnay!" he said, filling his new goblet.

A slight frown and a laconic "Yes," were the answer.

"That's a fair young lady to be pitied by and wept for by? How does it feel? Is it worth being tried for one's life, to be the object of such sympathy and compassion, Mr. Darnay?"

Again Darnay answered not a word.

"She was mightily pleased to have your message, when I gave it her. Not that she showed she was pleased, but I suppose she was."

The allusion served as a timely reminder to Darnay that this disagreeable companion had, of his own free will, assisted him in the strait

of the day. He turned the dialogue to that point, and thanked him for it.

"I neither want any thanks, nor merit any," was the careless rejoinder. "It was nothing to do, in the first place; and I don't know why I did it in the second. Mr. Darnay, let me ask you a question."

"Willingly, and a small return for your good offices."

"Do you think I particularly like you?"

"Really, Mr. Carton," returned the other, oddly disconcerted, "I have not asked myself the question."

"But ask yourself the question now."

"You have acted as if you do; but I don't think you do."

"*I* don't think I do," said Carton. "I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding."

"Nevertheless," pursued Darnay, rising to ring the bell, "there is nothing in that, I hope, to prevent my calling the reckoning, and our parting without ill-blood on either side."

Carton, rejoining, "Nothing in life!" Darnay rang. "Do you call the whole reckoning?" said Carton. On his answering in the affirmative, "Then bring me another pint of this same wine, drawer, and come and wake me at ten."

The bill being paid, Charles Darnay rose and wished him good night.

Without returning the wish, Carton rose too, with something of a threat or defiance in his manner, and said,

"A last word, Mr. Darnay: you think I am drunk?"

"I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton."

"Think? You know I have been drinking."

"Since I must say so, I know it."

"Then you shall likewise know why. I am a disappointed drudge, sir. I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me."

"Much to be regretted. You might have used your talents better."

"May be so, Mr. Darnay; may be not.—Don't let your sober face elate you, however; you don't know what it may come to. Good night!"

When he was left alone, this strange being took up a candle, went to a glass that hung against the wall, and surveyed himself minutely in it.

"Do you particularly like the man?" he muttered, at his own image; "why should you particularly like a man who resembles you? There is nothing in you to like; you know that. Ah, confound you! What a change you have made in yourself! A good reason for taking to a man, that he shows you what you have fallen away from and what you might have been! Change places with him, and would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was, and commiserated by that agitated face as he was? Come on, and have it out in plain words! You hate the fellow."

He resorted to his pint of wine for consolation, drank it all in a few minutes, and fell asleep on his arms, with his hair straggling over the table, and a long winding-sheet in the candle dripping down upon him.

CHAPTER V.

THE JACKAL.

Those were drinking days, and most men drank hard. So very great is the improvement Time has brought about in such habits, that a moderate statement of the quantity of wine and punch which one man would swallow in the course of a night, without any detriment to his reputation as a perfect gentleman, would seem, in these days, a ridiculous exaggeration. The learned profession of the Law was certainly not behind any other learned profession in its Bacchanalian propensities; neither was Mr. Stryver, already fast shouldering his way to a large and lucrative practice, behind his compeers in this particular, any more than in the drier parts of the legal race.

A favorite at the Old Bailey, and elsewhere at the Sessions, Mr. Stryver had begun cautiously to hew away the lower staves of the ladder on which he mounted. Sessions and Old Bailey had now to summon their favorite, specially, to their longing arms; and shouldering itself towards the visage of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench, the florid countenance of Mr. Stryver might be daily seen, bursting out of the bed of wigs, like a great sunflower pushing its way at the sun from among a rank garden-full of flaring companions.

It had once been noted at the Bar, that while Mr. Stryver was a glib man, and an unscrupulous, and a ready, and a bold, he had not that faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements, which is among the most striking and necessary of the advocate's accomplishments. But a remarkable improvement came upon him as to this. The more business he got, the greater his power seemed to grow of getting at its pith and marrow; and however late at night he sat carousing with Sydney Carton, he always had his points at his fingers' ends in the morning.

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Stryver's great ally. What the two drank together, between Hilary Term and Michaelmas, might have floated a King's ship. Stryver never had a case in hand, anywhere, but Carton was there, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the ceiling of the court; they went the same Circuit, and even there they prolonged their usual orgies late in the night, and Carton was rumored to be seen at broad day, going home stealthily and unsteadily to his lodgings, like a dissipated cat. At last, it began to get about, among such as were interested in the matter, that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good jackal, and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity.

"Ten o'clock, sir," said the man at the tavern, whom he had charged to wake him—"ten o'clock, sir."

"*What's* the matter?"

"Ten o'clock, sir."

"What do you mean? Ten o'clock at night?"

"Yes, sir. Your honor told me to call you."

"Oh! I remember. Very well, very well."

After a few dull efforts to get to sleep again, which the man dexterously combated by stirring the fire continuously for five minutes, he got up, tossed his hat on, and walked out. He turned into the Temple, and having revived himself by twice pacing the pavements of King's Bench-walk and Paper-buildings, turned into the Stryver chambers.

The Stryver clerk, who never assisted at these conferences, had gone home, and the Stryver principal opened the door. He had his slippers on, and a loose bedgown, and his throat was bare for his greater ease. He had that rather wild, strained, seared marking about the eyes, which may be observed in all free livers of his class, from the portrait of Jeffries downward, and which can be traced, under various disguises of Art, through the portraits of every Drinking Age.

"You are a little late, Memory," said Stryver.

"About the usual time; it may be a quarter of an hour later."

They went into a dingy room, lined with books and littered with papers, where there was a blazing fire. A kettle steamed upon the hob, and in the midst of the wreck of papers a table shone, with plenty of wine upon it, and brandy, and rum, and sugar, and lemons.

"You have had your bottle, I perceive, Sydney."

"Two to-night, I think. I have been dining with the day's client; or seeing him dine—it's all one!"

"That was a rare point, Sydney, that you brought to bear upon the identification.—How did you come by it? When did it strike you?"

"I thought he was rather a handsome fellow, and I thought I should have been much the same sort of fellow, if I had had any luck."

Mr. Stryver laughed, till he shook his precocious paunch.

"You and your luck, Sydney! Get to work, get to work."

Sullenly enough, the jackal loosened his dress, went into an adjoining room, and came back with a large jug of cold water, a basin, and a towel or two. Steeping the towels in the water, and partially wringing them out, he folded them on his head in a manner hideous to behold, sat down at the table, and said,

"Now I am ready."

"Not much boiling down to be done to-night, Memory," said Mr. Stryver, gayly, as he looked among his papers.

"How much?"

"Only two sets of them."

"Give me the worst first."

"There they are, Sydney. Fire away!"

The lion then composed himself on his back on a sofa on one side of the drinking-table, while the jackal sat at his own paper-bestrewn table proper, on the other side of it, with the bottles and glasses ready to his hand. Both resorted to the drinking-table without stint, but each in a different way; the lion for the most part reclining with his hands in his waistband, looking at the fire, or occasionally flirting with some slighter document; the jackal, with knitted brows and intent face, so deep in his task, that his eyes did not even follow the hand he stretched out for his glass—which often groped about, for a minute or more, before it found the glass for his lips. Two or three times, the matter in hand became so knotty, that the jackal found it imperative on him to get up, and steep his towels anew. From these pilgrimages to the jug and basin, he returned with such eccentricities of damp head-gear as no words can describe; which were made the more ludicrous by his anxious gravity.

At length the jackal had got together a compact repast for the lion, and proceeded to offer it to him. The lion took it with care and caution, made his selections from it, and his remarks upon it, and the jackal assisted both. When the repast was fully discussed, the lion put his hand in his waistband again, and lay down to meditate. The jackal then invigorated himself with a bumper for his throttle, and a fresh application to his head, and applied himself to the collection of a second meal; this was administered to the lion in the same manner, and was not disposed of until the clock struck three in the morning.

"And now we have done, Sydney, fill a bumper of punch," said Mr. Stryver.

The jackal removed the towels from his head, which had been steaming again, shook himself, yawned, shivered, and complied.

"You were very sound, Sydney, in the matter of those crown witnesses to-day. Every question told."

"I always am sound; am I not?"

"I don't gainsay it. What has roughened your temper? Put some punch to it and smooth it again."

With a deprecatory grunt, the jackal again complied.

"The old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School," said Stryver, nodding his head over him as he reviewed him in the present and the past, "the old seesaw Sydney. Up one minute and down the next; now in spirits and now in despondency!"

"Ah!" returned the other, sighing: "yes! The same Sydney, with the same luck. Even then, I did exercises for other boys, and seldom did my own."

"And why not?"

"God knows. It was my way, I suppose."

He sat, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out before him, looking at the fire.

"Carton," said his friend, squaring himself at him with a bullying air, as if the fire-grate had been the furnace in which sustained endeavor was forged, and the one delicate thing to be done for the old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School was to shoulder him into it, "your way is, and always was, a lame way. You summon no energy and purpose. Look at me."

"Oh, botheration!" returned Sydney, with a lighter and more good-humored laugh, "don't you be moral!"

"How have I done what I have done?" said Stryver; "how do I do what I do?"

"Partly through paying me to help you, I suppose. But it's not worth your while to apostrophize me, or the air, about it; what you want to do, you do. You were always in the front rank, and I was always behind."

"I had to get into the front rank; I was not born there, was I?"

"I was not present at the ceremony; but my opinion is you were," said Carton.

At this, he laughed again, and they both laughed.

"Before Shrewsbury, and at Shrewsbury, and ever since Shrewsbury," pursued Carton, "you have fallen into your rank, and I have fallen into mine. Even when we were fellow-students in the Quartier Latin, picking up French, and French law, and other French crumbs that we didn't get much good of, you were always somewhere, and I was always—nowhere."

"And whose fault was that?"

"Upon my soul, I am not sure that it was not yours. You were always driving and riving and shouldering and pressing, to that restless degree that I had no chance for my life but in rest and repose. It's a gloomy thing, however, to talk about one's own past, with the day breaking. Turn me in some other direction before I go."

"Well, then! Pledge me to the pretty witness," said Stryver, holding up his glass. "Are you turned in a pleasant direction?"

Apparently not, for he became gloomy again.

"Pretty witness," he muttered, looking down into his glass. "I have had enough of witnesses to-day and to-night; who's your pretty witness?"

"The picturesque doctor's daughter, Miss Manette!"

"*She* pretty!"

"Is she not?"

"No."

"Why, man alive, she was the admiration of the whole Court!"

"Bot the admiration of the whole Court!—Who made the Old Bailey a judge of beauty? She was a golden-haired doll!"

"Do you know, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, looking at him with sharp eyes, and slowly drawing a hand across his florid face, "do you know, I rather thought, at the time, that you sympathized with the golden-haired doll, and were quick to see what happened to the golden-haired doll?"

"Quick to see what happened! If a girl, doll or no doll, swoons within a yard or two of a man's nose, he can see it without a perspective-glass. I pledge you, but I deny the beauty. And now I'll have no more drink; I'll get to bed."

When his host followed him out on the staircase with a candle, to light him down the stairs, the day was coldly looking in through its grimy windows. When he got out of the house, the air was cold and sad, the dull sky overcast, the river dark and dim, the whole scene like a lifeless desert. And wreaths of dust were spinning round and round before the morning blast, as if the desert-sand had risen far away, and the first spray of it in its advance had begun the overwhelming of the city.

Waste forces within him, and a desert all around, this man stood still on his way across a silent terrace, and saw for a moment, lying in the wilderness before him, a mirage of honorable ambition, self-denial and perseverance. In the fair city of this vision, there were airy galleries from which the loves and graces looked upon him, gardens in which the fruits of life hung ripening, waters of Hope that sparkled in his sight. A moment, and it was gone. Climbing to a high chamber in a wall of houses, he threw himself down in his clothes on a neglected bed, and its pillow was wet with wasted tears.

Sadly, sadly, the sun rose; and it rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their directed exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Things seem to approximate to God in proportion to their vitality and movement. Of all things the least inert and sullen should be the soul of man.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

☞ A gentleman having built a large house, was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit large enough to contain it. "And what," said the gentleman, smiling, "shall I do with the earth which I dig up from it?" To which the steward, with great gravity, replied: "*Have the pit made large enough to hold all!*"

☞ Let a man *do* his work; the fruit of it is the care of another than he.—*Carlyle.*

☞ Once more, it is *character* which constitutes what may be called a man; it is character which directs revolutions, influences assemblies, and governs the crowd. Intellect (*esprit*) is nothing in comparison.—*Madame Roland.*

Love is a sanctifier; 'tis a moon
Turning each dusk to silver. A pure light,
Redeemer of all errors.—*Alexander Smith.*

☞ Good words are worth much and cost little.—*George Herbert.*

☞ We are told when the Emperor of Morocco inquires after any one who has recently died, it is against etiquette to mention the word "death;" the answer is, "his destiny is closed." But this tenderness is only reserved for "the elect" of the Musselmen. A Jew's death is at once plainly expressed: "He is dead, sir! asking your pardon for mentioning such a contemptible wretch!" A Christian's is described by "The infidel is dead!" or, "The cuckold is dead!"—*Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature.*

Who shuts his hand, hath lost his gold;
Who opens it, hath it twice told.—*Geo. Herbert.*

☞ So vital a necessity to all living men is truth, that the vilest traitor feels annoyed and wronged—feels the pillars of the world shaken, when treason recoils upon himself.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

☞ The battle of Kohn, fought between the Austrians and the Prussians, was lost by the latter. Their King, immediately after his defeat, meeting with a Prussian soldier, who had received a wound in his face, inquired,—"In what beer-shop did you get that scar?" "In one," replied the soldier, "where your Majesty *paid the reckoning!*"

LETTER FROM THE EAST.

U. S. S. POWHATAN,
SINGAPORE, March 22nd, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Our heavy wheels have turned ninety-one thousand three hundred and four times since the date of my last "Glance," bringing us from Hong-Kong to this place, and then stopping their revolutions to await the arrival of our newly appointed Minister to China. We expected to meet him here upon our arrival, again expected him by the last steamer, and now feel confident that he will come by the next; but the movements of such personages are so uncertain that it would not be surprising were we detained here a month or six weeks more. In the meantime, as the weather is very warm, and this prospect of a long stay anything but pleasing, we are looking around for some thing, or things, with which to console ourselves. We find on shore in Singapore, a rather compactly built city; streets wide, smooth, and hard: and a very abundant supply of foliage in the shape of nutmeg trees, &c., in and about the city. We also find any number of light wagon-like carriages, which run upon most uncertain looking wheels, but which never break down, (to my knowledge,) and which are dragged along by very small "rough and tough, sir!" ponies at a most furious rate. I have seen one of these ponies, not much larger than those of General Tom Thumb, flying along with the weight of the carriage, four grown persons inside, and an adult "sice," or driver, on the seat in front. Of course this would be impossible were not the roads so smooth, and level, and hard—almost like riding upon rails. I don't *refer* to the old-fashioned and *involuntary* style of "rail riding."

Speaking of these "sices" or drivers, reminds me of the great diversity of races with which one meets while walking through Singapore. There are Arabians, Jews, Persians, Chinese, Siamese, and Malays; and in fact *persons from every nation under the sun.* This unusual concourse of the different types of mankind, is owing to the fact of Singapore being the great commercial centre of the East. They are all divided into castes or classes, and often entertain the most profound contempt for each other. No Jew ever turned from pork with more disgust, than does the Hindoo sice from the coast of Coromandel, turn even from eating or drinking from the same vessel with any one of another religion or caste. And yet while they are so particular to guard against contact with that which they fear will defile them, they are probably at the same time, the most rascally, cowardly, and morally debased race of beings in the world. I wish you could have dined with me the other day at the table of the Chief-of-Police and heard him comparing the "Kling" character and habits, with those of the native Malays. The "Klings" are quite numerous here, and come from Malabar. They are chiefly employed as boatmen, policemen, &c. Many of the narrations to which I listened were drawn from the official police records, but were much too revolting to be transferred to a family journal like The Post. There were some, however, demonstrative of national character, which were interesting, and which will bear repetition.

"Our police force," said the chief, "consists of three hundred men, half of whom are Klings and the other half Malays. If we have any work in hand which requires the exercise of cunning and watchfulness, we put the Klings at it; but if it is something desperate, we employ the Malays. Let a Kling get a cut over the head, and he will take to his heels crying out that he is dying or dead; whereas the sight of blood only inflames the Malays to frenzy, and places them entirely beyond our control. When we have a case before court in which both Klings and Malays are concerned, we can get nothing but lies from the former and truth from the latter. A Kling *always* pleads 'not guilty,' a Malay 'guilty,' if he is really so. In fact the judge often deems it necessary to warn the latter against committing himself upon his own confession. If a Kling has dealings with his fellow and thinks he can swindle successfully, he at once goes to law. The Malay, on the contrary, avoids litigation, resorting to his kreis for satisfaction. When arrested for stabbing or murder, he readily acknowledges the deed, remarking that he has been injured, and that his enemy has only got what he deserved, or something to that effect.

"An interesting case of this nature came before us the other day. Some of the 'water-police,' in making their rounds, discovered a Malay prau at anchor with no one in her. Their suspicions being excited by this, they proceeded to search her, and discovered several kreisses and other offensive weapons. One of the kreisses was stained with blood its entire length; and the boat was consequently taken possession of. That same night a detective noticed a strange Malay wandering about without any apparent object, and as he was evidently a boatman he approached him and asked—

"'What are you doing?'

"'Oh, nothing! The police have taken my boat, and I'm afraid to go to the station to ask for it.'

"'Then you must have been doing something bad, or you would not be afraid.'

"'No! nothing bad. I've only killed three men, who took away my wife and abused her—they deserved it.'

"'Very well! I've been hunting for you; come along with me.'

"And he accompanied him to the station, where he again freely acknowledged his crime. What ever became of him I do not know, for we sent him over to the Dutch authorities at Rhio, within whose limits the murders had been committed."

"I learned from a gentleman, the other day," I observed, "that you had lately had a case of the 'running muck,' in which several people were killed. Do give me the *official* account of it. I want something reliable for publication."

"That wasn't exactly a case of 'the muck,'" he replied. "When we speak of 'a muck having been run,' we mean that a Malay has worked himself into an ungovernable state of excitement by continued reading of the Koran, and chewing of the betel-nut: that while thus maddened by these causes, he rushes frantically into the street with the Koran in one hand and his kreis in the other, cuts everybody in his path, and continues his work of death or mutilation until exhaustion or numbers overpower him. The case to which you refer, was different from this. The man did rush along the street, killing five and wounding others before he could be secured: but it appeared from the evidence in the case, that it was partly in self-defence. It seems he had excited himself by the use of opium or the betel nut, and that while in this state he was waylaid by several men, who wished to kidnap him for shipment as a slave, and that retaining his senses sufficiently to understand their object, he became alarmed and desperate, offering so determined a resistance with his kreis, that he escaped their grasp after wounding one of them severely. The sight of blood combining with his already high state of nervous excitement now completely turned his head, causing him to imagine every one his enemy, and consequently turning his blows in any and every direction. After killing five innocent persons and wounding several others, he was secured. We convicted him of manslaughter, and sentenced him to transportation for life."

Now let me tell you of something that happened here not a month ago—I will call it

"The way in which a *Chinese* farmer settled with his *Chinese* farm hand at the end of the year when his wages were due."

Said wages being but $2.00 per month to commence with, and the poor "farm hand" having come all the way from China and starvation to find these miserable wages. I may as well add that the following *is strictly true*, as I received it from the chief of police himself, and as the case is even now in court:

The island of Singapore is about thirty miles in circumference, and populated by about 100,000 people (only 10,000 of whom are females,) four fifths of which number are Chinese. Some of these are merchants worth their *millions of sterling*; others are farmers of moderate means, others mechanics, and others again are Coolies or laborers. The latter are generally extremely destitute, and are glad often to work for their food only. Like them also they are sometimes known to perish from sheer *want of food*. One of these latter is the principal of the case in hand.

At the end of a year's service he applied for his wages—$24,00. His master (of the same blood as himself) refused, and the Coolie said,

"Well, I will not work for you any more. I will go to some one else."

"Will you?" asked the master. "Not before I have settled with you, however," at which he called some friends, and the Coolie fearing violence took to his heels. He was overtaken, however, tied to a tree, stripped, and whipped almost to death with split bamboo. Then he was left alone for the night. The next morning his master and friends again surrounded him consulting as to further measures.

"Let us take his eyes out, and throw him, bound, into the jungle, as food for tigers!" said one of the "friends."

No sooner said than done; but the poor fellow twisted his head about so quickly, that they had to stop to secure it firmly with his tail. Then they deprived him of both eyes in the most brutal manner—it is too shocking an account to enter into particulars—and dragging him a mile or more, threw him into the jungle. Strange to say the tigers did not discover him before his groans had attracted the attention of a policeman, who carried him to the nearest station, where he received medical treatment, and where he subsequently gave such information as led to the arrest of the parties who are now on trial. They will all undoubtedly be hung.

I should like to write you at greater length, but time presses.

Very truly yours, A. W. H.

☞ The Buddhist commandments, "Thou shalt not speak of injuries," and "Thou shalt not excite quarrels by repeating the words of others," are admirable.

☞ THE REPORT COURTEOUS.—A thick-headed squire being worsted by the Rev. Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming, "If I had a son who was an idiot, by Jove I'd make him a parson." "Very probably," replied Sydney, "but I see your father was of a different mind."

☞ THE TWO WINGS OF MAN.—There are two wings by which a man soars above the world—sincerity and purity.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

THE poet hath the child's sight in his breast,
And sees all *new*. What oftenest he has viewed,
He views with the first glory. Fair and good
Fall never on him. —*Mrs. Browning.*

☞ Mr. Smucker walked into our sanctum this morning, and, with a smirk and a smile, blandly propounded the following: "Why is the Ohio river like a drunkard? Because it takes in 'Monongahela,' goes past a 'Wheeling,' gets a 'Licking' at Cincinnati, and 'Falls' at Louisville."

☞ According to the Talmud, one party of the Rabbins allowed divorces, when a woman had only been so unfortunate as to suffer her husband's soup to be burnt.

☞ A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal, and he should care no more for that phantom "opinion," than he should fear meeting a ghost if he cross the churchyard in the dark.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

☞ The transit across the Atlantic is supposed to be the *sick transit* alluded to in the well-known Latin quotation.

THE Minnesotians have "struck a vein" richer than those of the new diggings. They have found immense quantities of ginseng near St. Paul. Two dollars a day is the ordinary result of the labor of digging this root.—The St. Paul *Pioneer* says: "The price of ginseng is from six to ten cents per pound when green, and from twenty-five to thirty cents when dry. Hereafter the prices will be given in our market report."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 197—Adults 79, and children 118.

RIPE PEACHES.—Ripe peaches, raised in Burke county, Ga., have made their appearance in Savannah.

NEWS ITEMS.

A SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—A correspondent of the North Bridgewater, (Mass.) Gazette, says: "Mr. William Barrows, who, three years ago represented this town in the legislature, is suffering from an accident which may serve as a warning to all who are in the habit of picking their ear with a pin. A few weeks ago he dropped a pin into his ear, and physicians have labored in vain to reach and remove it: inflammation has taken place, and it is feared it will terminate his life."

DOUBLY FURNISHED.—The other day a Dutchman in Cincinnati was severely thrashed by his "wrow," and while smarting under the infliction he complained to the mayor, and had his better half arrested for the outrage, whereupon she was fined three dollars and the costs; but she not having the money, her husband was called upon to fork over. Upon which he opened his eyes in surprise, exclaiming, "Vot for I pay? She vip me!" The "statute" was explained to him, and he paid, but announced that hereafter his wife might wallup him as much as she pleased, but he would never again take steps to uphold the "majesty of the law."

AN important decision was rendered in New York city, by Judge Culver, on Friday, acknowledging the invalidity of slave marriages. B. N. Warwick, a colored M. E. preacher, was formerly a slave in North Carolina, and was married, in the method of the slaves, to Winnie, also a slave, by whom he had twelve children. In 1828 he was set free, came to Williamsburg, in 1831, and married another woman. His first wife has since become free, and prosecuted him for bigamy. The defence was that Warwick had no expectation of her ever becoming free, or he would have felt morally bound to her, and that legally he was not. The judge ruled that slaves being chattels could not make contracts, and the first marriage was therefore a nullity. As Judge Culver is an abolitionist, this decision is regarded as very important, because based entirely on the local laws of the Southern States.—*Exchange Paper.*

THE steamboat Freighter has been taken across the portage between Big Stone Lake, at the head of Minnesota River, and Lake Traverse, the head of the Red River of the North, and she is now fairly in the latter stream, in readiness for business.

MANY readers will recollect a Mrs. Margaret L. Eaton, formerly Mrs. Purser Timberlake, the wife of Gen. John H. Eaton, President Jackson's Secretary of War. Her fame being a little stained by calumnious reports, she was not received into the families of other members of the cabinet. The generous old hero, believing her wronged, insisted that she *should* be received into company, and the result was a cabinet rupture, with sad scandal in those days. The Washington papers announce her third marriage, last week, at the ripe age of sixty, to one Signor Antonio Buckignani, an Italian dancing master of twenty-two.

IT is stated that Mrs. Betts, of Naugatuck, Conn., who left home some time since, suddenly, has returned. At the time she disappeared it was thought that she had eloped with a rascal named Toulinson. She denies this, however. She says that she left home because she wanted to, and came back because she wanted to. Very satisfactory that!

A TERRIBLE FALL.—On Thursday week a little boy, four years old, named Mahoney, while playing on the bank of the river, below White's pleasure grounds, at Niagara Falls, fell over a nearly perpendicular height of one hundred feet. Strange to say, his severest injury was a broken shoulder. The little fellow was able to get up and walk.

THE bark Orion, which sailed from New York on the 21st of January, has arrived home in charge of United States officers, having been seized on the Congo river as a slave trader.—Her captain, it is said, has died of a broken heart. The evidence as to the character of the vessel was somewhat minute, but the New York Commissioner held that it was insufficient to hold the crew, and they were accordingly discharged.

J. H. GREEN, the "reformed gambler," is in Wappello county, Iowa. He is postmaster of the Christianburg Post-office, twelve miles from Ottumwa.

ACORNS, it is said, according to present appearances, this year will be unusually plenty. Pork-growers and dealers should calculate accordingly.

RATHER SINGULAR.—The way the body of the railroad conductor, drowned in Shrewsbury, Vt., pond, some days ago, was found was thus:—Some quicksilver was put in a loaf of brown bread, and the latter placed in the water; immediately it started off like a live animal, against a strong current of wind and waves, and went as fast as some men who followed it could row a boat, till it came to where the body was found, which was sixty feet under water, and there stopped!

PROPERTY RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN.—The Supreme Court of Michigan has affirmed the decision of an inferior Court, that a woman has a perfect right to control, in all respects, all property acquired by her before or after marriage, that belongs to her, independent of her husband.

LAST week, an elderly man was brought as a convict to the Kentucky State Penitentiary, whose six sons were already in that institution as convicts.

A GENTLEMAN in Waterloo, Seneca county, N. Y., owns a canary which will warble "Hail Columbia" without missing a note.

AN Italian, examining diamonds in Bigelow Brothers' jewelry store, Boston, on Friday last, put them into his mouth to test them, and was detected in trying to substitute for one of the most valuable a paste imitation with which he had provided himself.

JOHN G. SAXE, Esq., the poet, was on Thursday, nominated for Governor of Vermont, by the Democracy of that State. Douglas delegates to the Charleston Convention were selected at the same time.

THE Hon. Sherrard Clemens, who has so long been suffering from the consequences of his duel with young Wise, was married on the 8th inst., to Mrs. C. E. Grover, at her plantation in Madison parish, Louisiana.

JUDGE MERRICK, one of the Associate Judges of the U. S. Circuit Court for Washington District, has decided, in an appeal from a declaration of the Patent Office, that the wilful omission of an original inventor to apply for a patent within two years after he becomes aware that another is publicly using and claiming his invention, he meantime interposing no warning or objection whatever, shuts himself out entirely from any right to a patent.

MOVEMENTS OF PAUL MORPHY—HIS VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.—NEW YORK, June 17.—Paul Morphy will proceed next week to Philadelphia, on a visit to the Athenæum Club; after which, he will start for New Orleans via Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other cities. Mr. Morphy visited the rooms of the Brooklyn Chess Club last night, and played two games with Mr. H. H. Knott, and one with Mr. Morphe. In each game Mr. M. gave the odds of a Queen's knight, and was the victor.

THE McDonough estate appears to have been settled at last—so far as the interest of Baltimore is concerned, and the share of that city amounts to between $700,000 and $800,000.

THE three proposed amendments to the Connecticut State Constitution, reducing the number of Representatives in the Legislature, allowing colored men to vote, and requiring an adopted citizen to reside in the State one year before becoming an elector, have all been defeated in the House of Representatives, the first by yeas 49, nays 173; the second, yeas 48, nays 173; and the third, yeas 21, nays 197.

A MOVEMENT in favor of Gov. Wise for the next Presidency has been started by a number of his Democratic friends in this city. A meeting for the purpose of consolidating this movement was recently held.

THE RIGHTS OF NATURALIZED CITIZENS ABROAD.

General Cass, Secretary of State, has written the following letter in explanation of a recent brief note on the subject to Mr. Le Clare:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, June 14, 1859.

SIR—In answer to your letter of the 8th inst., I have to inform you that the brief letter from this Department, to which you refer, dated the 17th of May last, and addressed to Mr. Felix Le Clare, was in reply to an application for information, and was principally intended to recommend caution to our naturalized fellow citizens, natives of France, in returning to that country, as the operations of the French conscription law were not precisely known here, and might bear injuriously upon that class of American citizens. Most of the Continental European nations have a system of military organization by which their citizens are compelled to serve in the army by conscription as in France, where the duty is designated by lot, or by draft, as in Prussia, where every person is required to take his turn as a soldier.

The condition of American naturalized citizens returning to their native country where the system of compulsory service prevails, and who had left before performing such service, has frequently been the subject of discussion with some of the European Powers. Quite recently it has arisen between the United States and Prussia, and the representative of this country at the Court of Berlin has brought the matter to the attention of the Prussian Government. In the instructions which were sent to him, dated May 12, 1859, it was explicitly stated that this Government is opposed to the doctrine of perpetual allegiance, and maintains the right of expatriation and the right to form new political ties elsewhere. Upon this subject it is observed, that in this age of the world the idea of controlling the citizen in the choice of a home, and binding him by a mere political theory to inhabit for his lifetime a country which he constantly desires to leave, can hardly be entertained by any Government whatever.

The position of the United States, as communicated to the Minister at Berlin for the information of the Prussian Government, is that the native born Prussians naturalized in the United States, and returning to the country of their birth, are not liable to any duties or penalties, except such as were existing at the period of their emigration. If at that time they were in the army or actually called into it, such emigration and naturalization do not exempt them from the legal penalty which they incurred by their desertion, but this penalty may be enforced against them whenever they shall voluntarily place themselves within the local jurisdiction of their native country, and shall be proceeded against according to law. But when no present liabilities exist against them at the period of their emigration, the law of nations, in the opinion of this Government, gives no right to any country to interfere with naturalized American citizens, and the attempt to do so no would be considered an act unjust in itself and unfriendly towards the United States. This question of course cannot arise in the case of a naturalized citizen who remains in the United States. It is only when he voluntarily returns to his native country that its local laws can be enforced against him. I am, sir, your obedient servant, LEWIS CASS.

EXHIBITION OF FAWKE'S STEAM PLOUGH.—Yesterday, a large crowd assembled at the Oxford Park, some two miles above Frankford, to witness an exhibition of a new steam plough, invented by Mr. Fawke, of Lancaster. The engine to which the ploughs are attached, is about 18 feet long, and nearly 7 feet broad, and weighing seven tons. There are two cylinders, each nine-inch bore, and fifteen-inch stroke.—The boiler is an upright one, having 230 tubes, and is intended to be worked up to a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds of steam to the square inch. There is connected with it a pump, with which the boiler is filled from the tank, and which can also be used as a fire engine. The engine rests principally upon an iron drum, six feet high and six feet broad, inside of which is a shaft, extending from end to end. The ploughs, eight in number, are securely fastened in a heavy frame-work, which is connected to an iron bar, in the rear of the drum, and near the ground, while resting upon the tank are two beams with chains attached, for the purpose of raising the ploughs from the ground when the engine is turning or backing. A large space of ground was ploughed on Tuesday, and the work was done in an excellent manner, though the ground was hard and covered with a heavy growth of grass. Yesterday, at the first attempt to plough, after the engine had gone some twenty or thirty yards, throwing the furrows in a way satisfactory to all beholders, a cog-wheel, connected with the driving-gear, gave way, and, of course, a stop was put to all experiments. Previous to this, however, the engine was run around the race-track, with a four-horse omnibus attached, in which were seated Beck's Band, at the rate of about ten miles per hour. The engine runs with great ease, and is as easily turned as an omnibus. The engineer stands upon the front of the engine, having within his reach the valve-pump, which he attends with one hand, while with the other he guides the machine with a wheel rigged similar to those on vessels. The front wheels, two in number, are of iron, three and a half feet in diameter, and fifteen inches broad, and attached to the engine, like the front wheels of a pleasure carriage.—The breaking of the cog-wheel will preclude any more exhibitions for some weeks, as some time will elapse before new and stronger ones can be made. The working of the engine so far, however, shows its practicability, and that it must become a valuable adjunct to farming operations.—*Phila. Ledger.*

A NEW WONDER has been discovered in New York, in the person of a man named Karl Saul, who, it is asserted, has *four eyes!* He has one pair in the usual place and another in the back of his head. A correspondent of the Evening Post, who enjoys the acquaintance of the individual, says that "both sets of eyes are perfect, and he sees backwards and forwards at the same time, with equal ease, comprehending at a glance everything within the range of his vision either way. The objects which he simultaneously beholds he will describe with wonderful accuracy. Indeed, he is remarkable for his descriptive powers. Mr. Saul is a man of extreme diffidence, and the peculiarity of his visual construction has been carefully concealed, and has heretofore been known only to some of his most intimate friends. The back of his head is quite flat; but he has long hair, which effectually conceals the large eyes, which are generally protected by a bandage." As if the above is not wonderful enough, the correspondent of the Post make the following wonderful statement: "He is highly intelligent and social in his habits, and owns considerable property, which he has accumulated by honest industry."

FEVER AND AGUE.—There are some situations where fever and ague prevail every season, and this is the case in the vicinity of creeks and swamps in Long Island, not one mile from New York city. An acquaintance of ours, who has resided for several years on one of these creeks, never has had a single case of fever and ague in his family, while all his neighbors have been more or less affected with it every season. He attributes his immunity from this troublesome disease to the use of a good fire in his house every chilly and damp night in summer and fall. When the Indians travel at night or early in the morning in swampy regions, they cover their nose and mouth with some part of their garments to warm the air which they inhale, and this they say prevents chills and fevers.—*Scientific American.*

DID NOT CALL FOR THEIR LETTERS.—Apropos to the first design of the Austrians to march upon and capture the capital of Sardinia, an English correspondent tells the following anecdote:—

"An amusing anecdote was reported to me yesterday, while at Turin. Since the beginning of the month, a number of letters addressed to Austrian officers reached our general Post-Office. Almost all of them came from Germany; and, no doubt, the writers expected that they would be exactly delivered. This shows that the Austrians thought they would easily reach the capital of Piedmont. Some days having elapsed without the arrival of Gen. Gyulai, the Post-Office Director made a report to the Minister of the Interior, asking him what he ought to do with the letters. Count Cavour, who is a nobleman in the strict signification of this English word, dispatched all the letters to Baron Bressat de St. Simon, the Prussian Minister at the Sardinian Court. As this gentleman, since 1857, has had the protection of Austrian interests and subjects in Piedmont, Count Cavour wrote the following witty letter:

"Monsieur le Baron—The numerous letters I have the honor to send to your Excellency have been lying for some days at the general post, without the officers to whom they were addressed having asked for them. As perhaps these gentlemen are likely never to arrive in Turin, I beg you to have them sent where they are. I have the honor to be, your Excellency, &c. CAVOUR."

NARROW ESCAPE OF NAPOLEON.—In his visit to the field of battle at Montebello, the Emperor Napoleon narrowly escaped being made prisoner. He had pushed on as far as Casteggio, and was observing with his telescope the movements of the enemy between Barbianello and the Portico del Stella, upon the Po, when suddenly a detachment of Austrians presented themselves before him, only two hundred paces distant. Whether they had lost their way, or whether they had advanced thus far from mere hardihood, cannot be told, but it is probable that the latter supposition is correct, inasmuch as the advanced posts of the Austrians are much more energetic and daring than those of the Franco Sardinians. Directly, however, the Emperor saw them, he changed color, threw away his cigar, drove the spurs into the horse's flanks, and galloped back to Voghera at a pace which would have done honor to the winner of the Derby. Louis Napoleon has faults, it must be admitted; but that of wantonly exposing his person to the enemy cannot certainly be numbered among them.

SUMMARY PURCHASE.—Says the Wheeling Intelligencer of June 16th:—"The flour panic among the farmers in this section bids fair to carry many persons into all sorts of wild extravagances. We learn from a gentleman, just arrived from Washington County, of a reckless thing which took place there on Saturday, and which goes to show the state of feeling existing in that neck of woods. A speculator, by the name of Patterson, has a large lot of flour at Post's Mill, which he is holding for an advance, in view of the recent damaging frosts. On Saturday some dozen or more farmers living in the vicinity, repaired to the mill, broke down the door, and each took a barrel of flour and left eight dollars in the mill for every barrel thus removed—all considering that a fair price for an article which they could not buy with the consent of the owner."

THE RACE BETWEEN FLORA TEMPLE AND PRINCESS.—FLORA TEMPLE VICTORIOUS.—*New York, June 16.*—There was a large attendance to-day at the Eclipse Course, L. I., to witness the great trotting match between Flora Temple and Princess, the California mare. Flora Temple beat Princess in two straight heats, of three miles each. She made the second heat of three miles in 7 minutes 59½ seconds. The stakes were $5,000.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	100	—
" 5 " coupon '74	103½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	94½	95½
" " new	100½	100¾
" 5 "	—	94½
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	85
Allegh City 6 pr ct	65	75
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	—	40
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	91½	93
Tenn 6 pr ct	90	—
" " coupon	—	78
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	89½	—
Ohio 6 " 1886	108	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	99½	99½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	92	—
Ca. State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	156	—
Phila	—	113½
Far & Mec	56	58½
Commercial	48½	—
N Liberty	61	—
Mechanics	20½	27
Southwark	49	—
P Township	55½	—
Kensington	66	—
Girard	46	47
Western	—	62
Man & Mech	23½	24½
Commerce	67	—
Tradesman's	6¼	—
City	47	47½
Consolidation	24½	—
Commonwealth	19	20?
Corn Exchange	—	35
Germantown	—	50
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—
Exchange "	54	—
Kentucky "	—	122
Northern "	132	133
Louisville "	—	115
Farmers "	—	130
Union, Nash, Tenn	107½	112
Pantors "	110½	—
N O Gas Light	140	—
Com & R R Bank Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	—	23
Lehigh Zinc	½	1½
New Creek	—	1
New Granada	—	1
N America Ins'nce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	—	35
Southwark & Frankford R R	57	—
Bonds	92	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 1st mort bonds	100	101
2nd " "	—	90
stock		
Interest off	39½	40
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	93
stock	121	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	79	80
mort 5's '44	92	94
" " '88	72½	73
stock	29	29½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	86	90
stock	40	42
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan '60	93	—
Ches Val R R	72	40
Tiogs R R	75	—
Williams & Elmira 1st mort	70	72
2d "	46	48
stock	7	8
Catawissa	4½	5
Beaver Meadow stock	58	59
preferred 10 pr ct	56	—
North Penna R R stock	81	84
6 pr ct loan	62½	64
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock	50½	51
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	57	58
Har and Lan R R stock	56	58
bonds '75	90	—
L. Schuy hil R R stock	15	—
Long Island R R stock	104	104
bonds	—	81
Erie R R stock	61	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Centra "	73½	—
Michigan Centra	47½	48½
Illinois "	88	—
Michigan Southern	9	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '82	72	73
imp. 6 pr ct	75	78
stock	8½	9
preferred	17½	18
Lehigh Nav stock	46	48½
mort 6 pr ct	99	100
" "	—	—
Morris Canal 6 pr ct	52½	54
preferred	109	—
Ches & Del bonds	41	—
scrip	17½	—
Union bonds	—	3
Sus & Tidewater bonds	36	37
bonds 1878	21	4
	32	36

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No. 39 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, June 18, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis
Relief notes 4-10 dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
DELAWARE.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ¼ dis
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ¼ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ¼ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ¼ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ¼ to ½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¼ to 1 dis
GEORGIA.
Solvent banks ¼ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¼ dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 2 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ½ dis
OHIO.
Solv bks ½ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ½ dis
INDIANA.
State bank ½ dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 2½ dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks ½ dis
TENNESSEE.
Old banks 2½ dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 2 dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 2 dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 18 dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis

WHY SO CHILDREN DIE IN CHICAGO.—Rev. Mr. Stevenson, pastor of the Third Church, Indianapolis, replied to the statement of Dr. Rice, that he had not been called upon to attend the funeral of a single child for the twenty months he had been pastor in Chicago.

A friend of his, a minister, who was also settled at Chicago, was not long ago deploring the very small number of baptised children in his church. "Why," he was asked, "do your members not present their children for baptism?" He replied, "The fact is, brother Stevenson, they have no children!"—*Proceedings of the Presbyterian Assembly*

THE City of Washington took out the first instalment of the American offerings to the Italian cause, being a remittance of five thousand dollars to be forwarded to Count Cavour. The Italians of New Orleans have already sent on three thousand five hundred dollars.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The Flour market has been dull during the past week. There has been a very moderate inquiry for home consumption. Holders, in some instances, have been more desirous of realising, and for mixed brands of Superfine we reduce our quotations 12½@25c ₱ bbl. The sales for shipment comprise 4000 bbls at $5,75@7 for Pennsylvania and Western Superfine, and $7,25 for Extras, at which figures they are freely offering. The sales to the retailers and bakers range from our lowest quotations up to $8,50 for fancy lots. Rye Flour has been in better demand and prices are firmer. Sales of 300 bbls—mostly to go West—at $4,50 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is dull, but prices are unchanged. Sales of 300 bbls Pennsylvania at $4.

GRAIN—There has been a good inquiry for prime lots; but inferior has been neglected. The receipts have been small from all sources, and the stocks in the receiver's hands are very light. Sales of 18,000 bus common and prime Red at $1,50@1,75, and White at $1,70@1,85. Rye is steady at the decline noted last week, and meets a good inquiry. Sales of 4000 bus Pennsylvania at 90c. Corn—There was a fair inquiry for Corn, early in the week, but since the market has been dull, and with liberal receipts from the South, prices have declined 4c ₱ bus. Sales of 22,000 bus Yellow at 86@87c. Buckwheat—There is quite an active inquiry and prices have again advanced 15@20c ₱ bus. Sales of 200 bus at $1,75. Oats are dull and lower. Sales of 4000 bus prime Pennsylvania at 48@50c, and 6000 bus from Maryland at 46c, afloat.

PROVISIONS—The market for all kinds are light, and prices have been steadily maintained. Small sales of Mess Pork at $18, short time. Of Prime Pork there is very little here. City Packed Mess Beef is selling in lots for ship stores at $16@20, as in quality. Bacon—The demand is limited, but without change in prices. Sales of 230 casks at 10@12½c for plain and fancy canvassed Hams; 9½@10c for Sides, at 7½@7½c ₱ lb, 60 days, for Shoulders. Green Salted Meats—There is but little doing. Sales of Hams in salt at 8½c, and in pickle at 10@10½c; Sides at 8½@8¾c, and Shoulders at 7@7½c Lard—The stock is light, and there has been but little coming forward. The demand, however, is limited. Sales of bbls and tcs at 12c, and kegs at 13½c, on time. Butter continues exceedingly dull, the supply being far in excess of the demand. Sales of 20,000 lbs solid packed at 9@11c, according to freshness. Roll is held at 11@12c ₱ lb. Cheese ranges from 9½ to 10c ₱ lb. 150 boxes New York sold at the latter figure. Eggs command 14c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The late foreign advices have imparted quite a buoyant feeling to the market. The manufacturers have purchased quite freely, and prices are firm at an improvement of ½c over the figures realized at the close of last week. Sales of 1330 bales—chiefly Uplands—at 11@12½c ₱ lb, cash, and 11½@13½c, on time, for middling and middling fair quality, and 9½@10½c for the low grades, including samples and bales packed at 10@10½c.

BARK—The receipts of Quercitron Bark are small, but the demand is quite limited. Sales of 42 hhds No 1 at $28 ₱ ton. Tanner's Bark is arriving quite freely, and meets a fair inquiry at $11@11½ ₱ cord for new Chestnut, and $14@14½ for Spanish. A lot of old Chestnut sold at $10 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX is unchanged. Sales of Yellow at 36½@38c ₱ lb, cash.

COAL—The market presents a more hopeful aspect generally as the season advances. The demand has increased both for the South and the Eastward, and prices are firmer. Of Bituminous Coal there is very little coming forward, and prices are nominal.

COFFEE—The market has again been extremely dull, but without change in prices. Sales of 2200 bags Rio at 10½@11½c; 600 bags inferior and damaged do on private terms; 800 bags St Domingo at 9½@9½c, 1200 bags Laguayra at 11½c on time.

COPPER is dull. English Sheathing is held at 27c, and Yellow Metal at 21c ₱ lb, 6 mos, but without sales.

FEATHERS—There is but little inquiry for Feathers; sales of 10,000 lbs good Western at 46c @48c ₱ lb on time.

FRUIT is dull. Dried Apples range from 8 to 8½c, and Dried Peaches from 8½ to 12c for unpared quarters and halves, and 13@16c for prime pared. Green Apples are scarce.

HEMP is inactive, and prices are unchanged.

HIDES—The market is nearly bare of stock in first hands, and there have been no sales worthy of notice.

HOPS are held very firmly, with sales of new Eastern and Western at 11@16c ₱ lb. Of old Hops there are few or none offering.

IRON—Sales of 300 tons Anthracite in lots at $23, $22 and $21 ₱ ton, 6 mos, for the 3 Nos. Scotch Pig is nominally held at $24, but without sales. Blooms remain without change, and Charcoal is dull at $65, 6 mos. The demand for Manufactured Iron has fallen off, but prices are unchanged.

LEAD continues dull. Sales of 4700 pigs Galena, part at $5,81, equal to cash, and part on private terms.

LEATHER—There is an active inquiry for Slaughter, but the market is nearly bare of this description, while for Spanish Sole the demand is only moderate and the supply fair.

LUMBER—There is less coming forward, but prices are unchanged. Trade is brisk, compared with this season of former years. For White Pine Shipping Boards there is a good demand, and prices are well maintained. Sales of 600,000 feet at $15 ₱ M feet. Hemlock has declined. Small sales at $7@7,50. 100,000 feet Lehigh Hemlock brought $10,50 ₱ M feet. Shingles are very dull. A cargo of Southern Yellow Pine Flooring sold at $20, and some Stained do at $13 ₱ M feet. Laths are selling at $1,50@1,75 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—Supplies continue to come forward slowly since our last notice, but the market is quite dull, and prices have ruled irregularly.

SPIRITS are very quiet. N E Rum commands 36@39c. Whiskey has met a very limited inquiry, and prices are less firm. Sales of bbds at 25½@27c; Prison bbls 28c; Ohio do 28c; Penna at 27c, and Drudge at 26c. Alcohol is selling at 54@60c.

SUGAR—Supplies have somewhat fallen off, but the inquiry continues extremely limited—Sales of 150 hhds at $6@6,25 for Cuba; $6,37½@7,25 for New Orleans, and $7 for Porto Rico.

SEEDS—There has been quite a speculative movement in Timothy seed, and all that could be had in this and neighboring markets, some 10,000 bus have been taken chiefly at $2,75@3 ₱ bus, which establishes a considerable advance. Clover-seed is also wanted, but there is little or none offering, and prime would readily bring $5,75 ₱ bus. Of Flaxseed the receipts and sales are light, at $1,05 ₱ bus.

TOBACCO—There is no new feature in the market, and a limited business doing in the way of sales. Cuba ₱ lb, 20@40c; Kentucky 7@10c; do Mayesville, 9@14c; Ohio, 5@9c; Maryland 5@8c; Virginia, 5@8c; Penna Seed Leaf, 10@23c; Conn Seed Leaf, 10@22c; St Domingo 12@30c; Manufactured, Nos 1, 2 and 3, 12@20c; Ladies' Twist, 20@28c; Cavendish, Nos 1, 2, and 3, 18@39c.

TALLOW continues dull, and city rendered is quoted at 11@11½c, without finding buyers, except in a small way.

WOOL—The market continues unsettled and dull, and buyers are holding off for lower prices, and the sales have been mostly in small lots, within the range of quotations, including a lot of 20,000 lbs old tub, at 40c, net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg
S. W. PEASE & CO., 28 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & JOHNSON, Nashville, Tenn
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
E. P. GRAY, St. Louis, Mo.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Martin's Avenue Drove Yard:—38 head I Abrahams, Ohio, 10½@11½; 32 D W Bradley, Ills, 10@11½; 20 Bastable, by Bradley, Va, 10½@11; 11 G Braden, Westmoreland co, 10@11½; 20 Hackman & Hamaker, Lancaster co, 10@12; 8 J Hansell, common, 8@9; 30 B C Baldwin, Chester co, 11@12. Sheep—About 6000 arrived and sold during the week at 4 to 4½c gross for fat Sheep, and from $2 to 2,50 ₱ head for stock Sheep.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—50 head P McFillen, Ohio, 11@11½; 42 Cochran & McCall, Va, 11@12; 70 W McFall, Chester co, 10½@11½; 4 Dr Hopkins, Md, 11; 10 Seldomridge, Lancaster co, 10½@11½; 19 J Todd, Berks co, 10½@11½; 39 Scott & Kimble, Chester co, 11@11½; 15 W Forrest, Montgomery co, 10@10½.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 18.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour is 10 cents lower; sales of 4000 bbls at $6,00@6,20 for State, $6,80@7,15 for Ohio, and $7,10@7,35 for Southern. Wheat has a declining tendency; white is quoted at $1.82@1,83. Corn dull. Mixed 81@83c. Yellow 86@87c. Pork is steady at $16,50 for Mess, and $14,50 for Prime. Oats are dull at 43@52c Lard dull. Whiskey heavy at 26½c.

TURN OF LIFE.

You are on the eve of the "turn of life," a period when, both in male and female, the body requires bracing up, to enable it to round the point, not only with safety, but with freedom from disease after. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS, the best tonic in the world, will strengthen your system, and give you vigor of frame, that will enable you to pass safely through all critical periods. These Bitters are for sale at the principal office, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and by all druggists and dealers in medicines at 75 cents per bottle.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. J. Murray, Capt. WILLIAM R. GIBSON, U. S. A., to KATE, eldest daughter of Alex. R. Johnson, Esq.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Bunker, Mr. WILLIAM CROMLEY, to Miss MARTHA A. McBRIDE, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. G. A. Durborow, Mr. JOHN CARDWELL, to Miss MARGARET KIPTON, both of this city.

On the 22d of Dec. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ANDREW J. WEAR, to Miss MARTHA HUSTED, both of this city.

On the 25th of Feb, by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, JOSEPH H. WESTON, to Miss KATE MORRIS, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, A. GUINAND, of Lubec, Germany, to Miss JOHANNA LUDWIG, of this city.

On the 3d of May, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM KNIGHT, to Miss MARY J. CRAMMY.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., JONATHAN W. MEARS, Jr. to Miss LIZZIE OTTINGER, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Thos. Martin, ALEX. M. WRIGHT, of Brooklyn, N. Y. to CLARA LAWSON, daughter of the late Capt. John Dunham, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Early on the morning of the 20th instant, after a short illness, at the residence of her son, P. S. Peterson, in Walnut Lane, Germantown, JANE, wife of Geo. Peterson, in the 67th year of her age. For time and place of interment see the daily papers.

On the 10th instant, WILLIAM L. TURNER, aged 30 years.

On the 14th instant, Mr. WILLIAM LANGSTAFF, aged 59 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. ROSANNA E. LOWERY, aged 77 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. JOHN MYERS, aged 47 years.

On the 11th instant, Mr. JOHN SEVILLE, aged 57 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. JOHN SCHOFIELD, aged 56 years.

On the 12th instant, CAROLINE WHEATON, aged 22 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. MOSES THOMPSON, aged 40 years.

SUMMER STOCK REDUCED.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,

In accordance with their custom at this period of the year, give notice to the public and their customers, that they have

REDUCED THE PRICES

OF ALL THEIR

SUMMER DRESS GOODS,

To which they invite attention.

809 AND 811 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

A VALUABLE BOOK for INVALIDS. Sent by mail, and not to be paid for until received, read, and approved of. If not approved, no charge.

Dr. Samuel S. Fitch's "Six Lectures" on the Causes, Prevention, and Cure of Diseases of the Lungs, Throat, Heart, Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Skin, &c., Female Complaints, and Chronic diseases generally; on the Laws of Life, and true method of curing these diseases, and preserving life and health to old age. A volume of 375 pages, with 25 illustrations, bound. We will forward a copy of it, post-paid, to any address that may be sent us, and the price, 50 cts., may be remitted (in stamps or otherwise) after the book is received and approved of. If remitted in advance, the price is 40 cts. Apply, giving Post-office, County and State, to

S. S. FITCH & CO.,
je25-13t 714 Broadway, New York.

WHISKERS IN SIX WEEKS.—Yes, my magical ONGUENT will force the beard or moustache or hair to grow luxuriantly within that time, without staining or injuring the skin. Price $1. Sent to any address by mail free.

R. G. GRAHAM,
No. 109 Nassau St., New York.

WONDER.—Wonderful instructions, by which any person can master the much coveted art of Ventriloquism by a few hours' practice. Sent to any person by mail for 25 cts. Address J. FRANKLIN, Calhoun, Illinois.

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Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

WHITE MOUNTAINS,
NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The PROFILE HOUSE and FLUME HOUSE, in the FRANCONIA NOTCH, are now open for visitors. These Houses are of the first class, and have become the resort of accomplished tourists. They are five miles apart, on a delightful road, and situated amidst the boldest and grandest of mountain scenery. They command the finest views of Mounts LAFAYETTE, LIBERTY, CANNON, and PEMIGEWASSETT, and fifty miles down the valley. ECHO LAKE, PROFILE LAKE, the FLUME, the POOL, the BASIN, the CRYSTAL CASCADE, and the COLOSSAL PROFILE, or OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN, are all within a few minutes' walk.

The *ascent of the mountain passes*, the *drives* among the cliffs and gorges, the *excursions* on the lakes, the *game* in the forest, and the *trout* in the rills, tender such invitations to the lover of the charms of nature, and manly sports, as few can decline when once in this romantic region.

The Hotels are kept by gentlemen of great experience in keeping first class houses, and who will spare no pains in attention to their guests. Tourists leaving Philadelphia at 10 A. M., can reach the FLUME HOUSE via the Worcester and Nashua and the Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad to Plymouth, the next afternoon (twenty-four miles by stage), or they may go via the B. C. & M. Railroad to Littleton, thence by stage (only eleven miles) to the PROFILE HOUSE, in the same time. From Niagara Falls, via Montreal, Quebec, and Durham, to the Alpine Glen, and Gibbs's Hotels; it is a pleasant day's ride from Gibbs's to these houses. Mails arrive and depart *daily*.

Post Office address, PROFILE HOUSE or FLUME HOUSE, Grafton County, N. H.

HIRAM BELL,
Manager of the Profile House.
RICHARD TAFT,
Manager of the Flume House.
For the PLUME and FRANCONIA HOTEL CO.
je25-4t

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.

DEALERS AND AGENTS TAKE NOTICE.

TYLER'S PATENT HAND MILL.

This Mill is made of Cast Iron, and the burrs of chilled Iron. It is adapted for grinding Corn, Wheat, and all kinds of Grain—Spices, Paints, Roots, Indigo, Drugs, &c.

It will with ordinary use last for ten years. Over three thousand of these Mills are now in use, not one of them ever failing to give satisfaction. It is the simplest, most durable, and most efficient Hand Mill ever invented. It takes less exertion to work it than any other. It can be used for more purposes, and will grind with greater rapidity than any other.

This Mill is just such an article as every family *should have*, and once seen, *would have*, and once used, *would not be without*. Every Mill is warranted. Retail price $7. Sent by express to all parts of the United States.

Also, Agents for "SHALER'S CARPET SWEEPER," the best invention for Housekeeping ever introduced. Ladies, try them. We sell them at manufacturing prices, $2 each—$18 per dozen.

Also, Agents for "SPEAR'S PATENT CORN HUSKER," which is the first and only practical Machine invented for this purpose. It is constructed to run by Horse or Hand power. Price, No. 1, $10; No. 2, $12. A liberal discount to Dealers and Agents.

☞ AGENTS WANTED to sell the above named articles in every County in the United States.

☞ *Send for Circulars.* ☜
C. H. TYLER & CO.,
37 Park Row, Room 22, New York.

AGENTS ARE GETTING RICH
Selling SPEAR'S Patent Corn Husker.

With this Machine, one man can husk forty ears per minute. Over fourteen hundred million baskets of Corn are being raised in the United States this year, and over one million farmers want this Machine. Every one of them who examines its operation will be sure to buy. An energetic man, with a specimen Machine, can sell from five to ten per day, making a profit of $3 on each Machine.

The *Scientific American* says: "This Husker is really simple; its operation is so easy that any one can use it, and it in no way injures the Corn, but leaves the ear perfectly free from husk or fibre, ready for the market or the mill."

The *United States Journal* says: "Like the Planing Machine, the Reaping Machine, and the Sewing Machine, it is inevitably destined to work an entire revolution in that department of industry which has led to its production."

A few more Agents are wanted.
N. T. SPEAR & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York, Box 3301.

100 SONGS FOR 25 CENTS.

"THE HOME MELODIST" contains nearly 100 of the most popular Songs,—Words and Music. Bound in Muslin. Price 25 cts. Sent by mail free of postage.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston.

DEAFNESS CURED, HOWEVER CAUSED, by a new method.
Address DR. BOARDMAN, personally or by letter, at No. 974 Broadway, N. Y. je25-4t

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OF THE MANUFACTURE OF

WILLIAM D. ROGERS.

REPOSITORY,

1009 AND 1011 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

MANUFACTORY,
N. W. corner of Sixth and Master Sts.
ap30-1f

MOTHERS!

MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It has no equal on earth. It greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and relief and health to your infants. Perfectly safe in all cases.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skillful female Physicians in New England, and has been used with never-failing success in millions of cases.

Sure to give immediate relief to infants suffering from wind colic.

Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

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Sold by *T. W. DYOTT & SONS*, Philadelphia, and by Druggists throughout the world.
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TWO MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVINGS.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

GIVING VIEWS OF THE AMERICAN & CANADA SIDES.

BY JAMES HAMILTON,

The Celebrated American Marine Painter.

These Engravings are each 18 by 32 Inches, and are executed in the highest style of the art, on steel, from the original drawings.

They will be sent to subscribers securely placed on rollers, postage pre-paid, on the receipt of Five Dollars for the pair.

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may28-4f

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY AND SILVER WARE.

Gold Hunter Levers, 18 kt. case, full jeweled	$40
Gold open face Levers, 18 kt. case, full jeweled	30
Silver Hunting Levers, full jeweled	18
Silver open face

Wit and Humor

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Joe Bruce was a farmer's son in the town of W——, and by his tricks and games and wild pranks, caused his watchful "parient" no little trouble sometimes. It happened, on one occasion, that Master Joe was caught in some misdemeanor, and, as a punishment for the same, had been compelled to hoe in the corn field until such time as said "parient" should judge proper that he should be released. Joe, like a dutiful son, took his hoe, and straightway commenced sad havoc among the weeds which obstructed the growth of the corn. Dinner time came and passed by, and still no call for poor Joe, who began to think his punishment "greater than he could bear;" but still he toiled on, expecting every moment to hear the summons which would release him for a time at least from his task. But there was no such good luck for him. The old man determined that he should "sweat it out," as he termed it; and stretching himself on the lounge in the back room, was soon fast asleep. Joe labored faithfully till near three o'clock, when, hunger getting the better of duty, he resolved to obtain something to stay his "stomach" at all hazards. So, dropping his hoe, he steered cautiously for the house; and entering the back door unobserved, succeeded in reaching the pantry without detection—the old man being asleep, and the other portion of the household being engaged with some company in the front part of the house, who had arrived a few moments before. On entering, he commenced an attack on a mince-pie, that had been set before the window to cool, being just from the oven. When he had about half-demolished the pie, and was thinking of some means to escape detection, his meditations were disturbed by something coming in contact with his limbs. On looking down, he saw the favorite pussy, who had stolen in at the door, and was rubbing herself, and purring, as if expressing her entire satisfaction at the proceeding. On perceiving her, he thought of a plan which he put immediately into execution. Grasping her fore-legs, he dabbled her fore-feet about in the remaining part of the pie, and placing her on the shelf, left the pantry, the cat jumping to the floor, and following him, leaving her tracks, of course, both on the shelf and on the floor. Joe now made immediate haste for the field, much refreshed by his "bite," and was soon diligently at work.

He had been hoeing but a short time, when, hearing a noise in the rear, he looked up and saw the old man coming, with tabby under his arm, and his gun over his shoulder. Neither spoke; the old man passing by, and proceeding round behind a knoll which hid him from Joe's view.

Joe leaned on his hoe for a moment, listening, when the silence was suddenly disturbed by the report of a gun, mingled with the screechings of the cat, plainly intimating what had been the fate of poor pussy. In a moment more the old man reappeared with his gun in hand, the smoke still curling from the barrel; and as he passed by his laboring hopeful, if he had not been a little hard of hearing, he might have heard:

"*There goes another victim to circumstantial evidence.*"

Petriken Got the Best of Him.—The elder Judge Burnside presided in one of the Courts of Pennsylvania when the memorable case of Parsons vs. Parsons was on trial. James Petriken, Esq., was one of the counsel, assisted by James T. Hale, Esq. Hale was speaking, and having made a strong point, which the Court challenged, he said that he could sustain it by citation of cases from the books, but he had left them at his office close by.

"Why did you not bring your books here?" asked the judge.

"Because I considered the point so plain as not to need the support of other cases; but I will step over and get the books."

As Mr. Hale left the house, the judge in a pet, said:

"That man reminds me of a carpenter who came to work for me, and left all his tools at home. This Court has forgotten more law than that young man knows."

"That," said Mr. Petriken, "is just what we complain of—that your honor *has forgotten too much!*"

A Good One.—A German came to a certain judge in our city to take his final oath of naturalization. His honor asked the usual questions—if he was attached to the government of the United States, and would make a good citizen. The witness hemmed and hawed and scratched his head, not exactly understanding the questions. Upon their being repeated, he hesitatingly replied, that he didn't know; he supposed he would, and added, his face brightening up, "I'm pretty sure of it. *I voted last October.*" His honor's bland smile changed into something very like a frown, and he suggested that the man's voting before he was naturalized was a poor way to show his qualifications to become a good citizen. The witness was a little taken back at this, but found courage to reply: "Well, your honor ought not to complain. *I voted for you!*"

Alphonse Karr and his Tailor.—The talented author of "Les guepes" and various other *jeux d'esprit*—relates that he lately sent for his tailor to make him a coat of a piece of cloth he had purchased. "Can't do it," said the tailor; "there isn't stuff enough." Karr then sent for another tailor, who, after carefully measuring the material, undertook to make the coat. In due time the garment was delivered, and Karr's first visit was to the tailor. "*Me voila malheureux!*" said he; "behold me in the coat from the very stuff you said was insufficient! you see there was stuff enough after all!" "Very likely," said the man of measures, with imperturbable *mag froid*, "very likely; "but *the son of the tailor who made it is not so big as mine!*"

☞ Folks must put up wi' their own kin as they do wi' their own noses, it's their own flesh and blood.—*Adam Bede.*

Sonnit—To Whisker.—By a Admirer uv the Beveridge—Ritten imejetly after taking a nip, the Labor Interspersed with Ocksahumi Wettin my lips with the same:

Whiske! all hale! from eriyst boy hood, I
Hev ardently admyred thi qualitis.
Thowst cloathed mi mind with strength—nose in richest dyes,
Hale! Whiske, hale! Hale, potent son of Rye!*
When wus grows wus, and bad grows badder,
When trubbles waive across me buzzum roll,
A nip of thee expands mi shrunken sole,
As wind from a boy's mouth expands a bladder.†
Water is good, no man of sense denies it,
Serch throo all Nacher, and you will not meet
An artikle so fit for washing feet;‡
But as a beveridge, faw, there I despise it,
Mi stummick turns, and for relief I fli
To the eckstract uv corn—to the Red Eye.

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* Aludin to the pleasant fikshun that whiske is maid uv rye, which at is not, by no means; on the contrary uv kern.

† A butiful simile, appropriBly chosen to show how the elickser uv life will cos a man to spread hizself.

‡ The liberality of this sentiment is noble, it is grand. While assertin the superioriti of his favorit beveridge, he is willin to allow that sum use can be made of other likwids. Seech noble mindedness is refreshin.

Excessive Honesty.—Sitting in the Peoria House barber shop last evening, we were much amused at a conversation which took place between a certain well known forwarding agent, and a certain railroad freight agent:

"There's swindling in all trades but ours."

"That's so with us," replied Charlie.

"Oh, yes!" said Henry, "railroads never swindle. Their officers never steal anything that's out of their reach," and with a few side remarks the subject was dropped, until another well known railroad man stepped into the saloon.

"K.," said Charlie, "Henry says that railroad men never steal anything that's out of their reach."

"Well," replied K., "river men have an advantage in that line, by using a long pike pole with a hook on it. Oh, yes! river men are honest; the smallest business they ever do is to *break open a box of oranges, steal a dozen, and then charge 'cooperage' for nailing up the box!*"

Henry owned up beat, and soon became "a man of few words."—*Peoria Union.*

Angry Letters.—An angry letter, especially if the writer be one loved, is so much fiercer than any angry speech, so much more unendurable! There the words remain scorching, not to be explained away, not to be atoned for by a kiss—not to be softened down by the word of love that may follow so quickly upon spoken anger. Heaven defend me from angry letters; they should never be written except to school-boys or men at college, and not often to them, if they be any way tender-hearted; this at least should be a rule through the letter writing world; that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule, that of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash! Sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; spit out the spleen at the fullest; it will do you good; you think you have been injured; say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk; and, as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me, that you will then have a double gratification. —*The Bertrams.*

A Loving Murder.—"In the year of grace 1793," says a writer in "Notes and Queries," "an aged peasant, whose cabin neighbored my residence, lay *in extremis*, lovingly tended by his wife and daughter. The Christmas Eve was nearing its close, and they religiously believed that, should he pass away at its synchronism with the Christmas morning, he would escape purgatory, and directly enter paradise. The church clock began to strike twelve. The wife took the bolster from under the dying man's head, and pressed it down on his face; the daughter seated herself on his breast, and their purpose was accomplished, no secret being made of the deed—no wonder manifested—no notice taken. Was this a murder? So far from possessing murder's primary condition—malice—it was done in all affection and piety. The husband and father could not survive another hour; a moment's quickened suffering would secure to him (so these simple women imagined) a painless eternity. Can anybody tell me the origin of the superstition, which brings to one's mind the more gentle influence of Christmas tide, as described in 'Hamlet!'"

Geological Changes in Scotland.—The only general geological change which has taken place in Scotland since it has been inhabited by man is an elevation of the whole country to a height of from fifteen to thirty feet above its previous level. Traces of this upheaval occur all round Scotland and its islands. From the present coast-line stretches inland in many places a strip of land representing the old sea-beach, terminated by the ancient coast-line, now a grassy bank, but retaining the general outlines impressed upon it by the action of the waves. This was only the last stage of a long course of upheaval by which Scotland was gradually raised from the icy sea which nearly covered it during the pleistocene period; a time whose records are written chiefly in the characteristic Scottish *scaurs*, or precipices of clay, enclosing boulders or masses of rock of all the earliest formations.

The Stories the Masses Like.—Poor folks love to read aristocratic stories—or, so thinks an able reviewer, who thus expresses it:—"We are told, by these who have gone into the statistics of our cheap, popular literature, that the fiction which comes most home to the costermonger's bosom, is that which has the least to do with his business. If you wish him to weep, it must be over the sorrows of a baroness at the very least; he hears of his neighbor, the dustman, hammering his wife—a creature of ordinary clay—without any particular excitement of his sensibilities."

THE GENTEEL FOOTMAN.

Lady.—"Resign your situation! Why, what's wrong now, Thomas? Have they been wanting you to eat salt butter again?"

Genteel Footman.—"Oh no, thank you, ma'am—but the fact is, ma'am—that I have heard that master were seen last week on the top of a homnibus, and I couldn't after that remain any longer in the family!"

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Thick and Thin Seeding.—Mr. Mechi and some others in England, have taken the ground that thin seeding is the best for rich and highly cultivated land. This may be true of winter wheat if sown early, but it does not apply well to all spring-sown grains. Oats, for instance, should be sown most thickly on the richest and best cultivated land, as when sown thinly they are more liable to fall before the wind or heavy rains, in which case they produce little or no grain.

Black Walnuts and Butternuts.—An Illinois farmer has grown these trees successfully, and gives some hints on planting. The first requires a deep alluvial soil, where it grows very rapidly. The nuts may be planted in the fall when first gathered, or thrown in some safe corner and lightly covered with leaves and dirt until spring. They should be planted where they are to stand, for owing to their long tap-root they are troublesome to transplant, besides not doing as well after the tap-root is cut off. The butternut may be grown in the same way; it has no tap-root, but lacks rootlets, and therefore had better be planted where it is to remain.

Aloes to Destroy Bugs.—A correspondent of the London Cottage Gardener, recommends bitter aloes to destroy the aphis and other insects. The receipt is, to mix half an ounce of aloes with a gallon of warm water, and apply it to the infected plants by means of a syringe or watering can, and, he says, "before half an hour you will have clean plants." The correspondent states that he gave this application to his rose trees and cucumber plants last season, and it not only cleansed the plants at the time, but there was not one in all the season after; and it does not injure foliage in the least. It is also well known that a solution of aloes is fatal to the common bed-bug. As it is a cheap drug, we recommend its trial by our readers.

The Elder Bush a Protection from Insects.—We have seen it stated that an eminent English botanist made experiments in the year 1794, which led to the conviction that elder bushes would prove a protection from many of the insects which are so troublesome in gardens. If any one will notice, it will be found that worms, flies, bugs, or insects, never touch the elder. This simple fact led to experiments, and it was found that leaves of the elder scattered over cabbages, cucumbers, squashes, and other plants, subject to the ravages of insects, effectually shields them. And it is said that the plum and other fruit may be saved from the ravages of insects, by placing upon the branches and through the tree, branches of elder leaves. It is very little trouble to try the experiment, and we hope some of our readers will test this remedy and report upon it.—*Country Gentleman.*

Setting Fence-Posts.—In setting fence-posts in ground liable to heave, we put a 1½-inch pin through the bottom of the post with its ends projecting. The wind affects it less, and the frost cannot raise it.

Cuttings.—The period of flowering is considered the best time to make cuttings of plants, as the tendency to form roots is then strongest and most active.

How to Grow Large Potatoes.—To improve the size of potatoes, whether planted with small or large, whole, or even cut potatoes, when the plants are only a few inches high, let the shoots be reduced by pulling them up to one, two, or at most three of the strongest. The tubers will consequently be fewer and very much larger, also in measure nearly all fit for market and the table. Every grower will do well to try a few rows by way of experiment, if he disbelieves the truth of this statement.—*Correspondent of London Agricultural Gazette.*

Worms.—The berries of the China tree, which grow at the South, are a safe and sure remedy for worms. Our apothecaries ought to keep them for sale.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Salt and Ashes for Cows.—On turning my cows to pasture, in the spring, I provide several small tubs, and having fixed them firmly in the soil to prevent them being overturned, put into each tub one quart of salt and three quarts of sifted wood-ashes, previously well mixed by stirring. The cows partake freely of this mixture. It prevents injury from the sudden change from dry to green food, and has, besides, a most invigorating effect upon the general system. Some assert that salt should be given only as often as once a week, as its more frequent use would be injurious. But when supplied in this way, no apprehension need be entertained.

Liebig on Manure.—Liebig's last agricultural utterances are perhaps the most important, as such, that he or indeed any one ever placed before the world. They deserve the closest attention on the part of your agricultural readers, and of every one interested in the common welfare of our country. It would be a measure attended with much good if the volume which contains these precious utterances could, through some arrangement with the publisher, be placed in an accessible cheap form before the eyes, and in the hands of every man who holds or drives a plough. Liebig shows, in clear, impressive language, that we suffer our towns to be encumbered with the dirt, the refuse, the waste, in short, attending the processes of life in man and brute; that we suffer this waste in short to be utterly lost, carried off by the winds and the rains, the rivers and the sea, in place of retaining it for the benefit of the soil, and the behoof of man. The great cloaca of Rome, he says, and truly says, engulfed the agricultural prosperity, first of Italy, then of Sicily, and lastly of Northern Africa, in succession. The stamina of the soil were removed, there was no substitute, and desolation and ruin followed in due course. At the present moment the agricultural wealth of England, Scotland and Ireland is carried away by the sewers of towns, great and small, never to be recovered, unless partially, and for a time, from the guano islands, into the ocean. These kingdoms are in the position of a strong man, both of whose arms are tied up and bleeding, and no provision, or no adequate provision, made to keep up his strength, and repair his loss. In our towns, the poor directly, and indirectly the rich, suffer from the retention of the waste, that would, if judiciously applied, confer health and strength, instead of, as it is, inflicting pollution and disease upon humanity. The farmers' insanity suffers their manure heaps to be washed by the rains, disintegrated by the sun and winds, while we as insanely poison the beautiful rivers flowing through our towns, and let the rich refuse escape, which, were it properly hoarded, would confer health, wealth and prosperity, instead of entailing misery and disease.—*Correspondent of London Agricultural Gazette.*

Cheap Paint for Buildings.—Inquiry is made for a cheap paint for the outside of houses and fences. The following recipe is cheap and good:—

One bushel unslacked lime.
Half a gallon salt.
Three pounds alum, powdered.
Three pounds saleratus.

Mix and put in a tight barrel with one head out. If the lime is quite fresh, cold water—if not, then use hot water. Keep stirring while slacking, adding water as required, so as not to become dry at any time. If it heats dry, it becomes lumpy, and must not be overflowed with water, so as to prevent the slacking going on. Stir up well from the bottom. When finished, it may be thick as mush. When to be applied by a brush, make the mixture the consistency of whitewash—about the thickness of cream. Apply the first coat very thoroughly, filling every crack or interstice between the bricks or in the boards. For wooden fences, a second coat of the same material is all that is required. Those who desire to have some other color than white, can add coloring matter to taste.

For Brick Houses.—For the second coat, add to the first named materials 12 pounds of melted tallow, and mix as before. This coat is impervious to water—is brighter, looking clean longer than paint, and preserves the cement between the bricks better than paint. It costs but little to renew this, say once in three or four years. A neighbor of mine washed his two story brick house, about 40 feet square, seven years ago, and again this spring. He is an old gentleman. It occupied himself one day, and a hired man half a day for this one coat. He says if a painter offered to paint gratis, he should not do it, for reasons given in the foregoing. The difficulty, if any, is in the mixing of the materials properly. It cannot fail to please, especially on the brick.—Isaac Dillon, *Zanesville, Ohio, in Country Gentleman.*

A Remedy for Poisoned Sheep.—Give them a tablespoon twice full of weak ley, and it will raise them in fifteen minutes after given. One morning I found fifteen or twenty sheep poisoned by eating ivy the day before. Some of them when found were flat on their sides; others frothed at the mouth, grated their teeth, and staggered about badly from the effects of the ivy. Those that were not found sprawling, were cured by putting a gag in their mouths, which would keep the sheep from swallowing the poison, but let it rise and run out of their mouths. After I had lost three out of six, that could not hold up their heads, and appeared lifeless, one of my neighbors recommended weak ley as a sure cure; it was given them, and in ten minutes one of the sheep was eating rowen. It had the same effect on the other two, and the whole three are now as lively as any in the flock.—*Virginia Farm Journal.*

Useful Receipts.

Colored Recipes.—I have some recipes that are excellent for coloring old white bonnet silks, lining and ribbons, so that the children's bonnets and hoods can be remodeled and made to look almost as "good as new."

Pink or Rose-Color.—Tie up a thimbleful of cochineal in a piece of strong cloth, then take two teacups, bowls, or larger dishes, according to the quantity of ribbons you wish to color,—put a little pulverized alum into one dish, a very little good cream of tartar and the bag of cochineal into the other, pour boiling water in each sufficient to give the articles plenty of room, put them (previously cleaned) into the alum water, rub out the cochineal with a spoon or fingers, until your dye is good color, then take the articles from the alum water, and put them in the dye. Let them remain until rose-color, or bright pink, as you prefer. The dye should be kept hot, and judgment should regulate the quantity of cream of tartar. If there be too much it will not color well, if too little, the dye will be of a crimson or purple color. The bag should be preserved for future use, unless you color a very large quantity of silks, sufficient to extract its strength.

Straw-Color.—Smartweed, boiled in brass, and set with alum, will color a fine straw-color.

Orange.—Bloodroot, boiled in brass, and set with alum, will color an orange-color that is not easily faded. Old silk that is not very fair, will do just as well for this color.

Drab.—If you wish for a handsome drab-color, boil sage in iron and set the dye with a little copperas. Be careful and stir the goods often, else they will spot.

These recipes are all for silk, and would not color cotton or wool, unless, perhaps, we except the straw-color.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Cleaning Brass Musical Instruments.—The owner, if he values tone, must be content with a simple rub of a good chamois after he has done using an instrument. I speak from experience, having spoiled the tone of a good cornet in my endeavor to keep a spicy look upon it. I never touch my new one but with a leather or silk handkerchief. Friction on so small a body of metal, I am well persuaded, alters its particles, and hence away goes the tone. All brass instruments I have come in contact with that are frequently scoured have a miserable, thin, tinny tone compared to one that is merely lightly touched as above described. If you *will* clean, however, what I always found best was finely-powdered whiting, made into a paste with spirits of wine, and applied with a rag, to be rubbed off with a wash-leather. Take care none of it gets into the slides or valves.—*London Field.*

Eggs Fried in Gravy.—I was travelling one day with two ladies to Melun. We left rather late in the forenoon, and reached Montgeron with a famous appetite. We put up at a very decent-looking inn, but, to our disappointment, were informed three diligences and two post-chaises had passed, and the travellers had eaten every thing, like locusts from Egypt.—We had, however, looked into the kitchen, and saw a very nice-looking *gigot* of mutton turning on the spit, towards which the ladies turned hungry eyes. It belonged to three travellers in the coffee room. With a half-hungry, half-supplicating voice, I asked whether we could not have some eggs fried in the gravy; with a cup of coffee it would suffice. "Oh, certainly." The cook broke the eggs into the dripping-pan. As soon as he turned his back, I maliciously drew my carving-knife, and made two or three incisions in the roast, to allow the juice to flow more freely. I then watched my eggs, and, when they were done, took them to my party. They were found excellent, and we certainly had the best part of the mutton.—*Brillat Savarin.*

The $ Mark.—In reply to a querist in that excellent publication, "*The Printer*," we would suggest that the dollar ($) mark is a combination of the letters *f* and *s*.

The *Spanish*, with whom it originated, called the coin *fuertes*, or hard, to distinguish it from "script," as is frequently done at the present day when the term "hard dollars" is used. This mark is composed of the first and last letters of this word *fuertes*, and to distinguish it from francs and florins the *s* is coiled around the *f*, and thus preserves the distinction much beyond the U. S. theory, though quite appropriate.—*Scientific Artizan.*

☞ The illness of the body usually brings out a latent power and philosophy of the soul, which health never knows; and God has mercifully ordained it as the customary lot of nature, and in proportion as we decline into the grave, the sloping path is made smooth and easy to our feet; and every day as the films of clay are removed from our eyes, Death loses the false aspect of the spectre, and we fall at last into its arms as a wearied child upon the bosom of its mother.—*Sir Edward B. Lytton: Ernest Maltravers.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 36, 14, 53, 47, 21, 1, was the god or ruler of the winds.
My 48, 11, 26, 44, 51, 5, was one of the furies.
My 17, 52, 44, 15, was a Queen of Carthage.
My 9, 27, was the daughter of Inachus.
My 39, 29, 7, was a name of Cybele.
My 45, 29, 19, 29, 33, was the son of Panopeus.
My 38, 11, 5, 31, 50, was the goddess of flowers.
My 2, 22, 12, 20, was the messenger of Juno.
My 3, 30, 20, 51, 5, 16, was the son of Helenus.
My 13, 21, 47, 46, 36, 54, was the son of Jupiter.
My 23, 43, 1, 41, 36, was the goddess who presided over the public health.
My 25, 14, 49, 41, 21, 10, 54, 21, 7, was a deity who presided over spring.
My 6, 14, 19, 21, 1, was the brother of Romulus.
My 28, 15, 33, 48, 18, 21, 7, was a Roman actor of great celebrity.
My 24, 11, 21, 1, was a son of Tros.
My 34, 14, 40, 37, 19, 1, was the name of Mercury among the Greeks.
My 42, 26, 47, 32, 46, 39, 3, was a hill of Boothia.
My 45, 21, 29, 35, 17, was the son of Mars and Venus.

My whole were the words of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Pittsburg, Pa. THOS. BARKER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 1, 6, 11, is a beverage.
My 2, 22, 3, is used by gardeners.
My 20, 19, 4, is a female nickname.
My 5, 22, 23, is a disturbance.
My 10, 7, 24, 8, is a vegetable.
My 9, 15, 14, 17, 10, is a prophetess.
My 16, 13, 11, 12, 15, is ponderous.
My 2, 19, 18, 21, is a musical instrument.
My 25, 22, 26, 3, is a flower.
My whole is a celebrated work of art.

BETA.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The farmer is sitting down to rest,
For his daily task is done,
And far away in the distant west,
Are the rays of the setting sun.

He is weary, for through the day,
Although it was sultry and warm,
He put some of my first away,
And sheltered it from the storm.

My second is used on every farm,
Whenever my first is made;
And many a strong and willing arm,
Works with it in glen and glade.

When birds are singing in the groves,
And flowers their fragrance yield;
You can see my whole as it slowly moves
Across the farmer's field.

Peques, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CHARADE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Engaged in mortal strife,
Man takes his fellow-being's life,
Whene'er my first is rife.

One letter add to three,
And then my second you will see,
Perched on some lofty tree.

My whole's a hero brave,
Who died his native land to save,
And fills an honored grave.

GAHMEW.

RIDDLE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first is always in the Post,
My second is always in a stew,
My third, you'll find, is in your head,
My whole's disliked by very few.

W. WINDSOR.

ANAGRAMS

On Cities and Towns in Pennsylvania.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A stone.	Dig near.
Not worn, sir.	Any leg, Hal.
Canter, Sal.	I sell ear.
Dela shone.	Lead on, Crab.
Garl, I say hold B.	We like barn.
No! wall ten.	Sit on Low.

Louisville, Kentucky. CARL CLENDON.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A company of men were engaged to build a wall in a certain time for $231; each man to receive 75 cents per day; but before commencing their number was increased by 4-7 as many more, by which they were enabled to complete the work 8 days before the time agreed upon. How many men were engaged?

Peques, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What opposite effects would a highwayman and a long walk produce upon you? Ans.—The first would probably knock you down, while the other would certainly knock you up.

☞ A Plea for Second Marriages.—Why is it better for a man to marry twice than once? Ans.—Because, having married a wife, and had *a loss*, he will marry one *a-gain*.

☞ Why is an English Cockney like a wig-maker. Ans.—Because he is a man of many hairs (airs).

☞ Why is one who is about to indulge in a game of "pharo," like a person travelling to a certain town in France? Ans.—Because he is bound for to-lose (Toulouse).

J. R. BANCROFT.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The beheading of Charles First. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Granville Female Academy, Granville, Ohio. RIDDLE—A lock of hair. CHARADE—Meat. ANAGRAMS—Rear, Sarago, Rods, Tuneless, Fear, Changes, Laid, Converts, Ride, Common, Over, Passes, Take, Through, Guns, Mile.